

JULY

1941



No. 15

BIG SHOT

10c



COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!

IN THIS ISSUE



THE SKYMAN



SPARKY WATTS



SPY-CHIEF



THE FACE



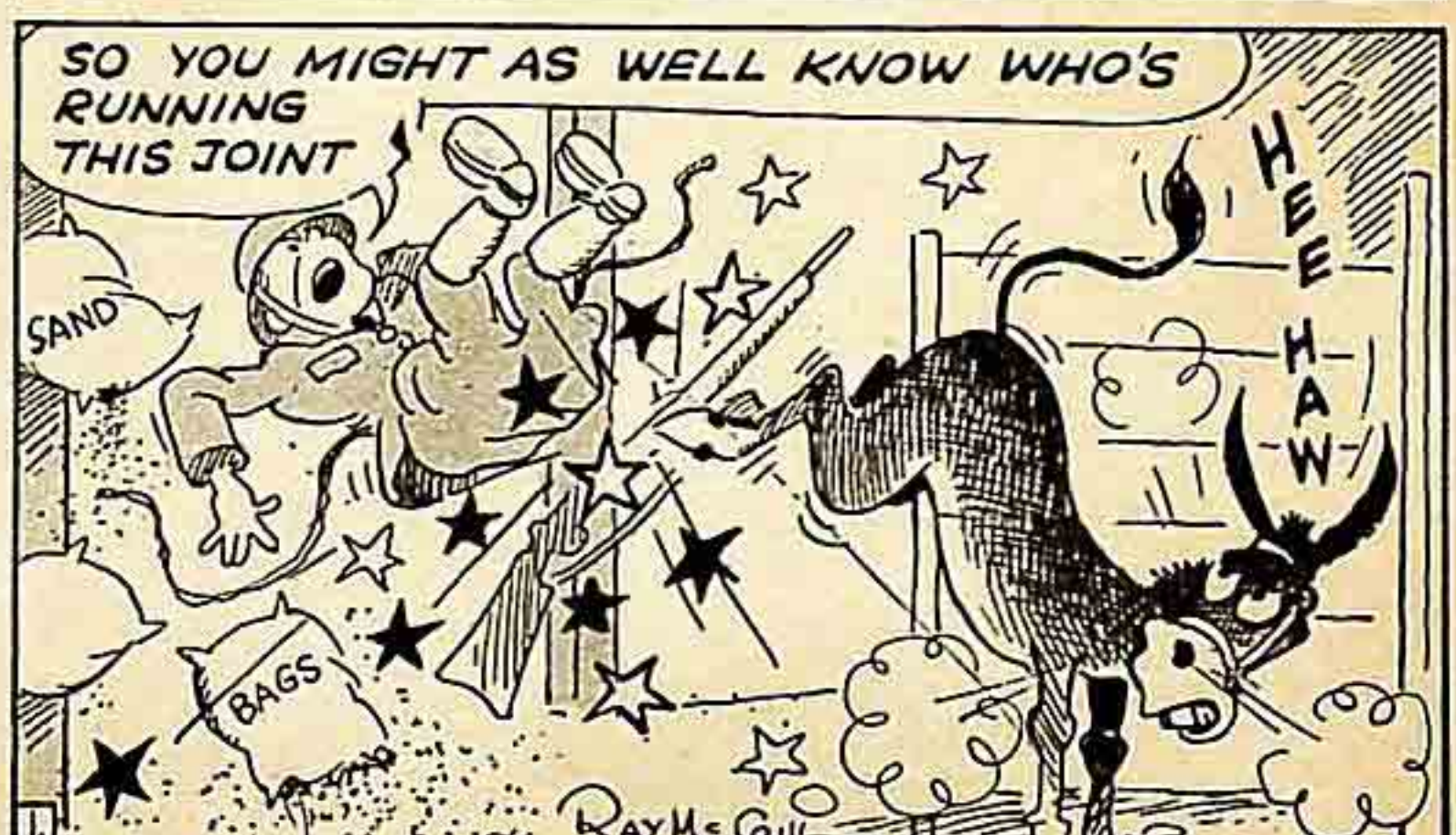
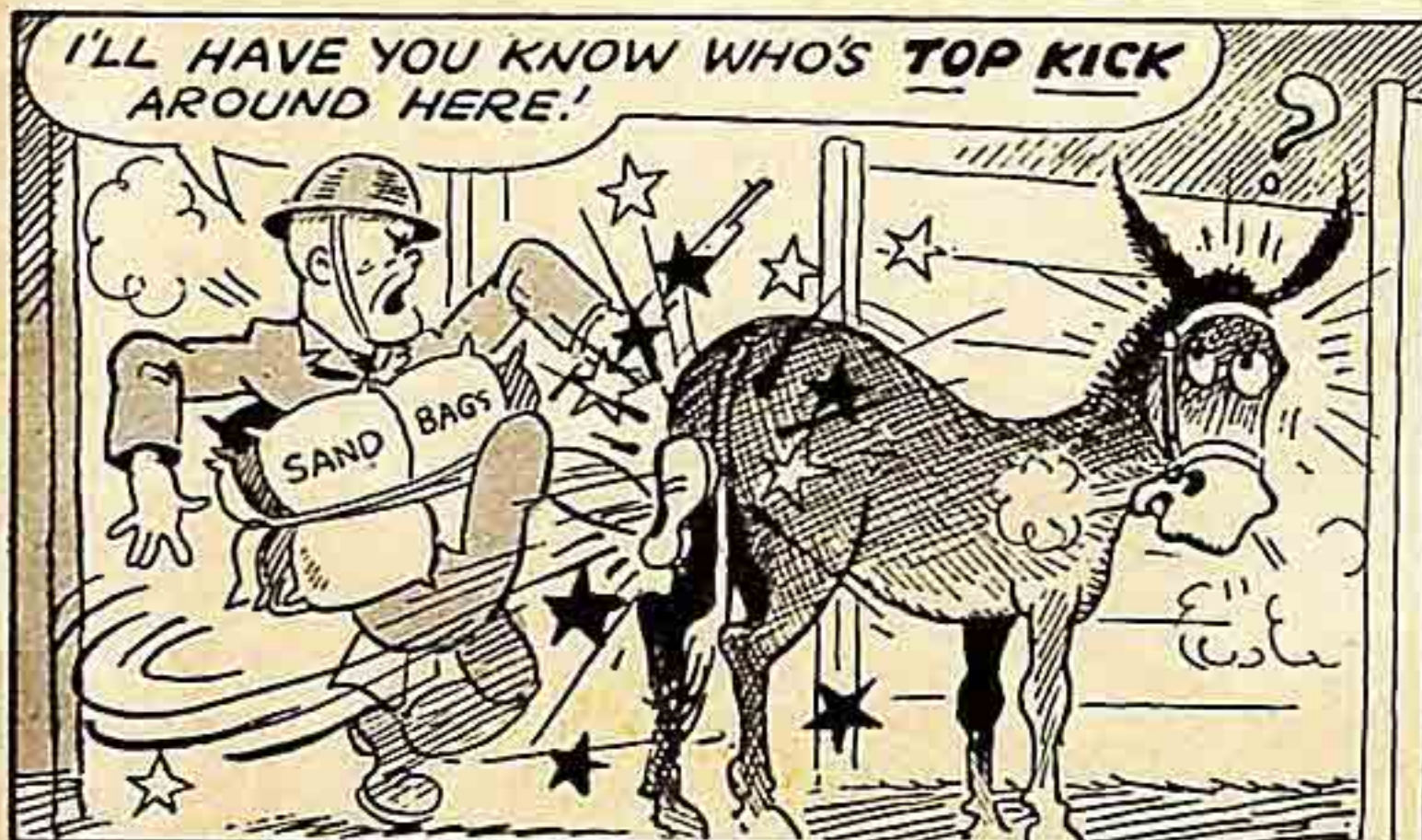
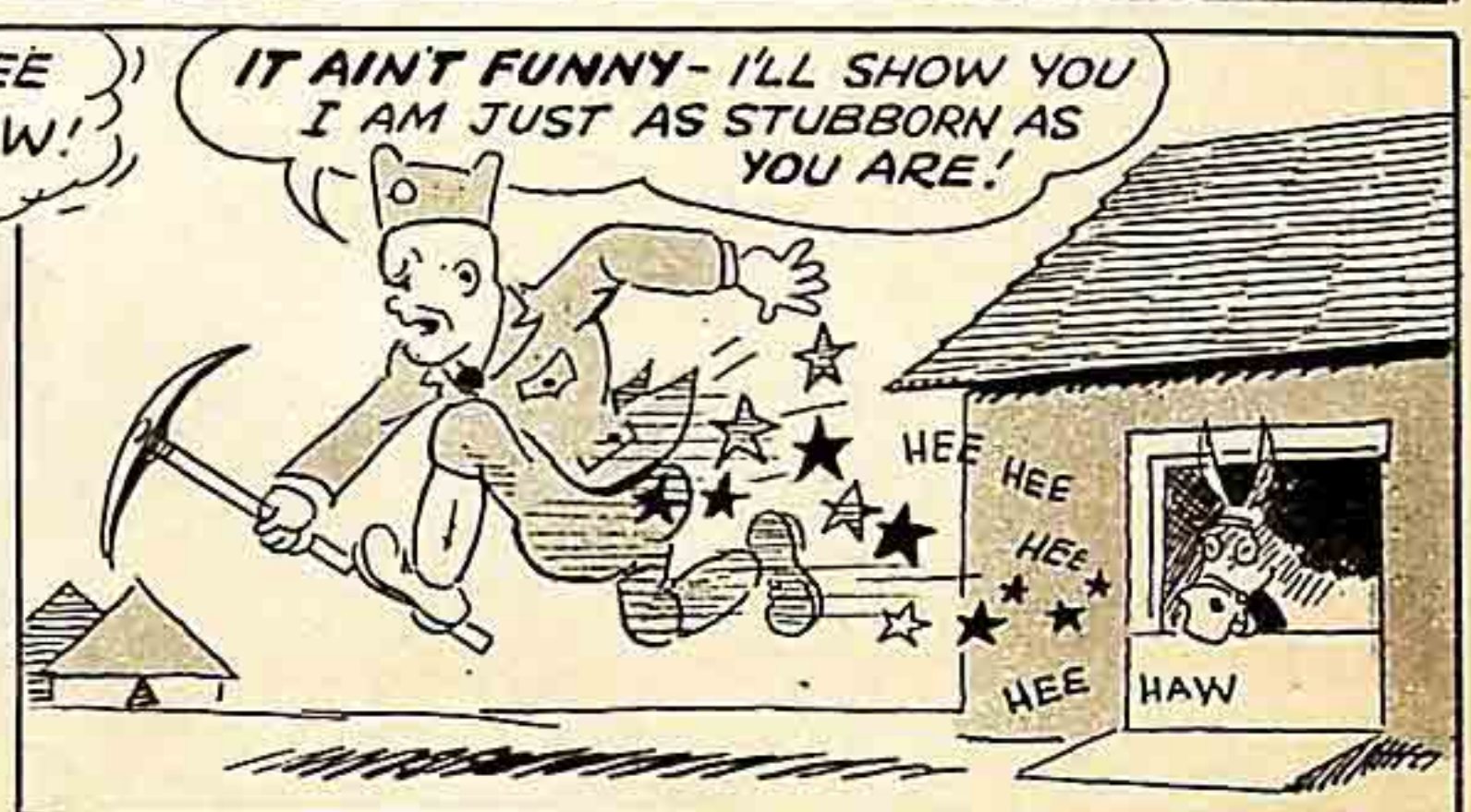
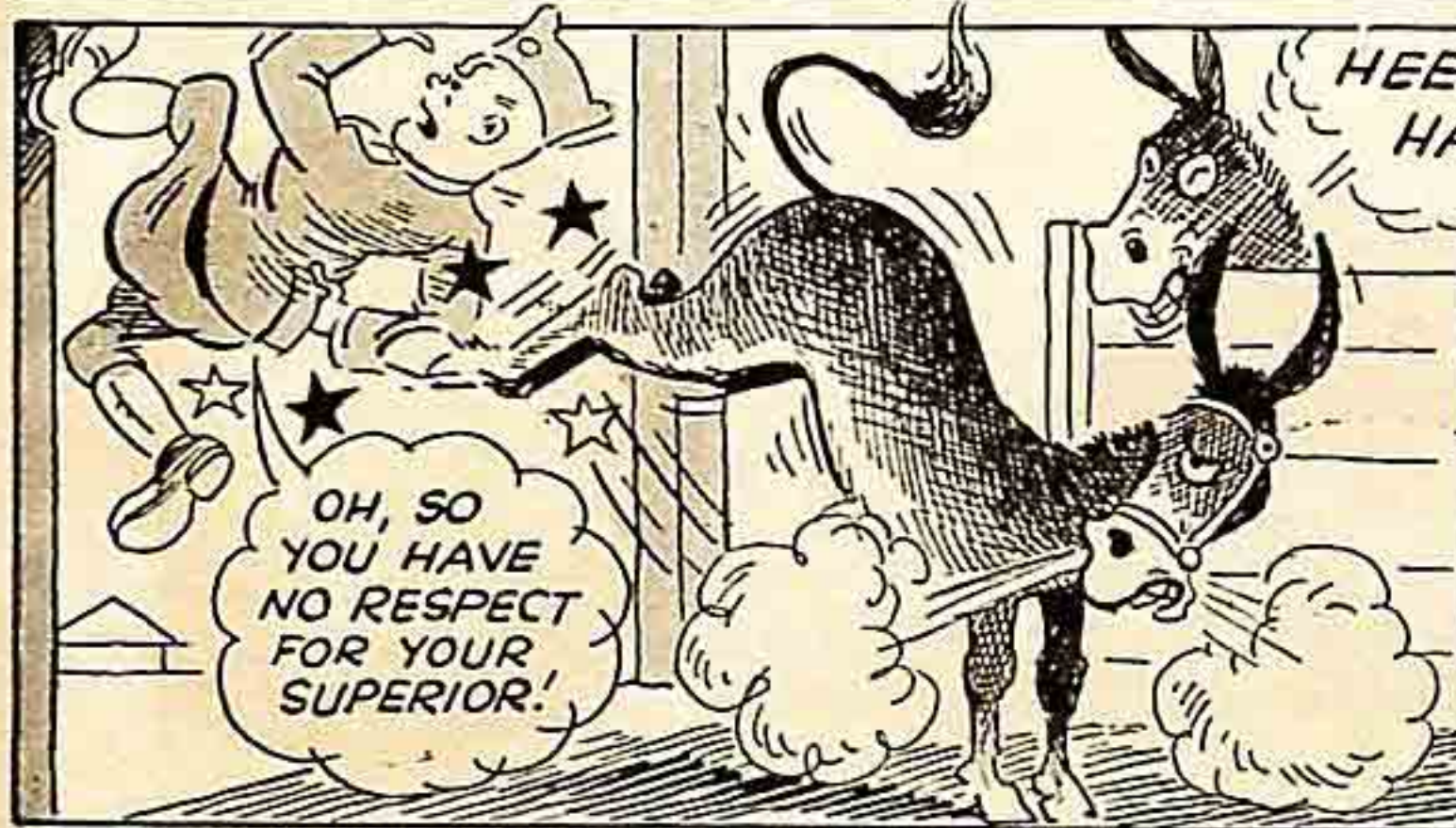
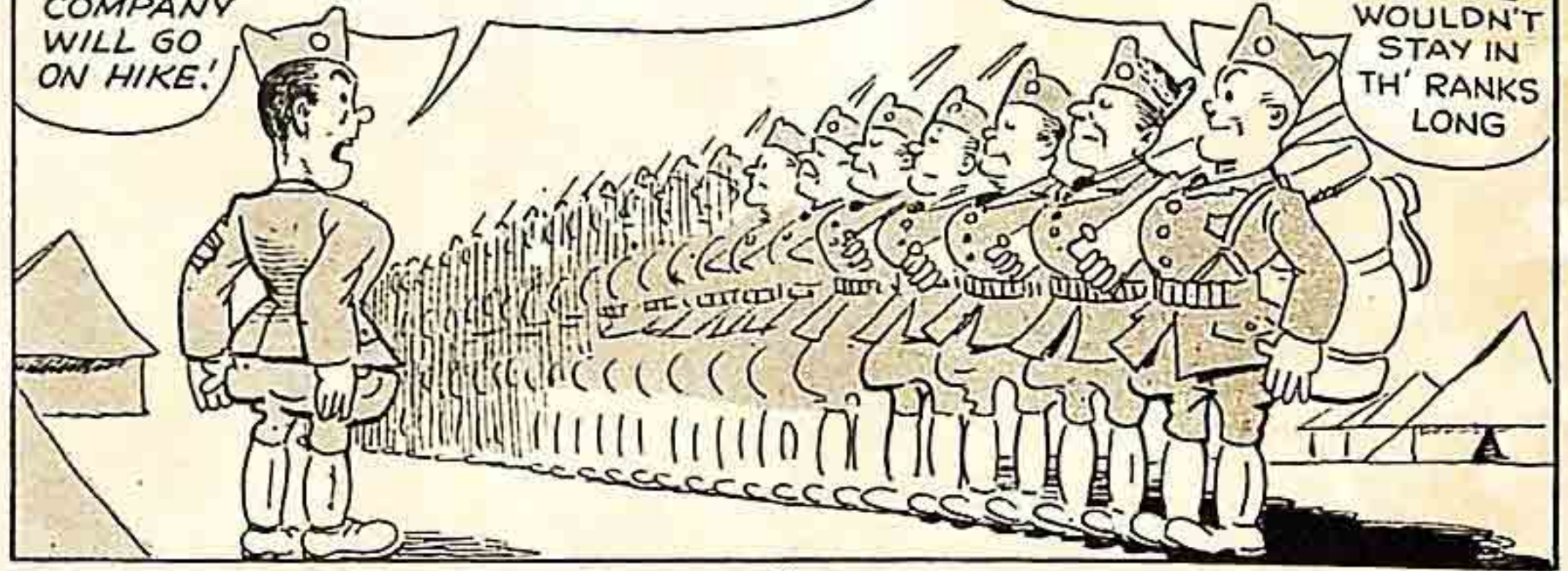


**WEB COMIC
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OLIVER DRAB



PRIVATE DRAB - FALL OUT AND REPORT TO THE COMPANY COMMANDER - REST OF COMPANY WILL GO ON HIKE!



VINCENT SULLIVAN, Editor

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AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO!



AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO STEPS TO THE FORE, IN HIS ROLE OF PROTECTOR OF ALL AMERICANS! WITH STARTLING NEW INVENTIONS AND LION-HEARTED DARING, HE WARS AGAINST THOSE, WHOSE WARPED BRAINS AND MAD ACTIONS HAVE DECLARED THEM THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY AND AMERICANISM!



THE EAST COAST NAVAL BASE --

CAN'T IMAGINE WHY YOU'VE GOT TO COME HERE, FAWN!

THE GOVERNMENT HAS RECEIVED THREATS!



ALLAN! LOOK! WHAT-- WHAT IS CAUSING THAT?

I-I DON'T KNOW!

BIG SHOT COMICS

ALLAN AND FAWN SEE BUILDINGS CRUMBLE,
THE WATERS RISE, MEN FALL INTO YAWNING
CHASMS — — —



WE'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF
HERE! IT
ISN'T SAFE!

LET ME DOWN! I'VE
GOT TO HELP THOSE
POOR MEN! LET
ME GO!

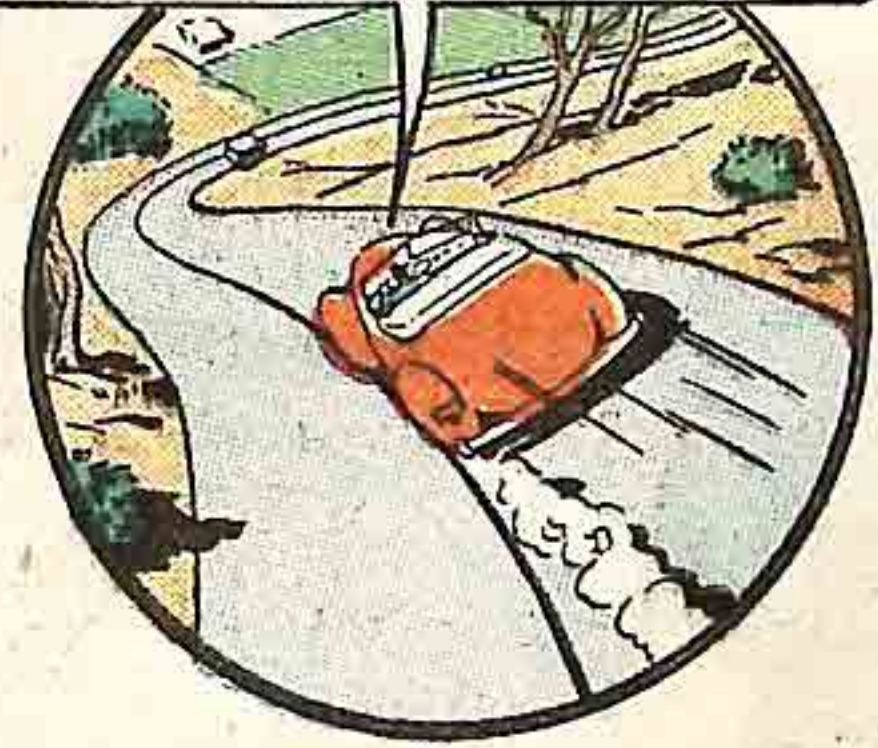


CRAZY GIRL!
ALL THE TIME
TRYING TO GET
INTO TROUBLE!

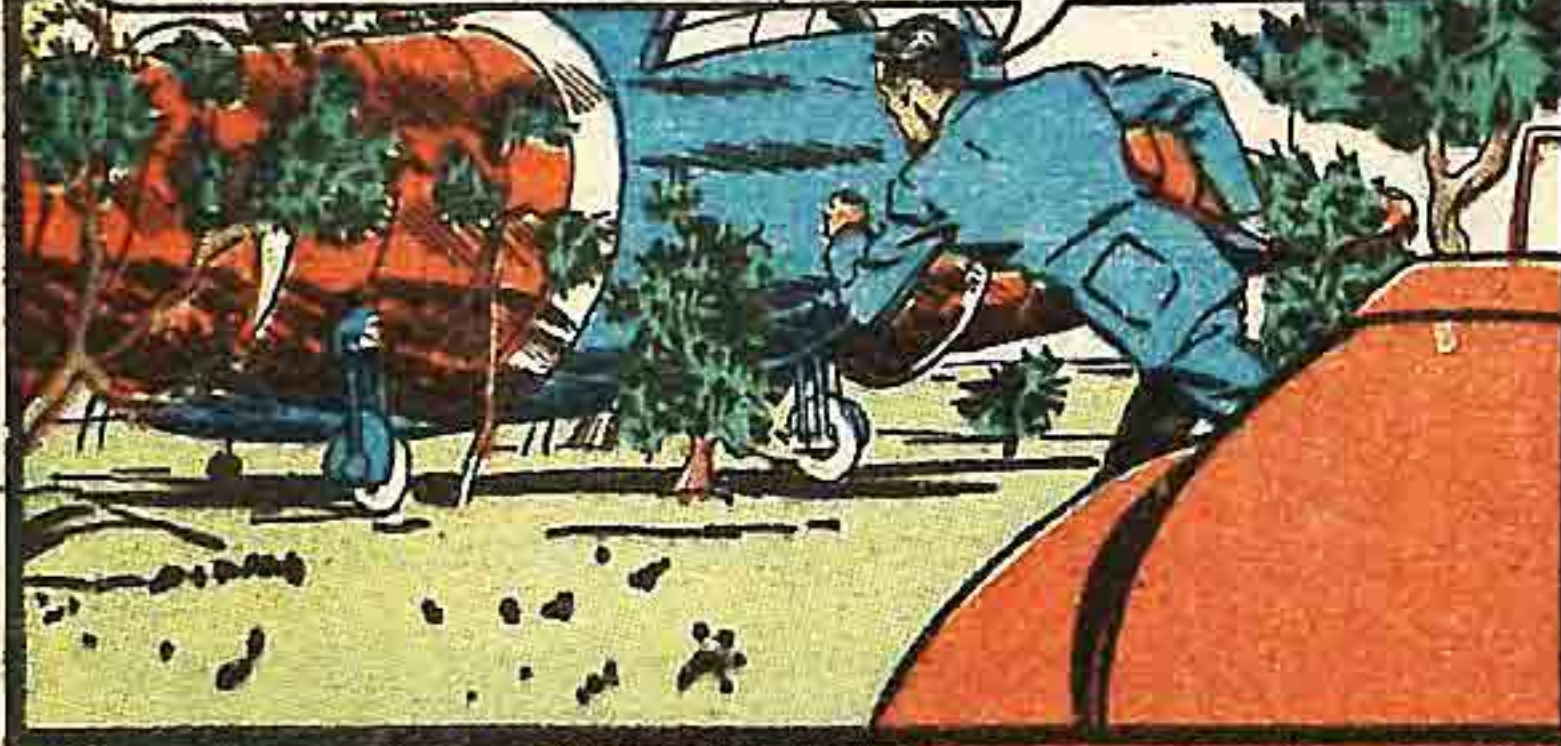
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER
ALLAN IS A COWARD, OR
A BRAVE MAN — BUT HE
ACTS LIKE A COWARD!



LUCKY FOR ME I KNEW FAWN WAS
COMING DOWN HERE — I COULD
MAKE PREPARATIONS!



I LEFT THE WING AND ALL THE SKYMAN'S
REGALIA, JUST WHERE I COULD GET MY
HANDS ON THEM!



TROUBLE FOLLOWS THAT DAME,
LIKE THE BEE DOES THE FLOWER!
I WOULD'VE WAGERED SOMETHING
WOULD HAPPEN DOWN HERE — AND
IT SURE HAS!



THE SKYMAN IS OFF TO THE RESCUE — —



WHAT AN ODD
AIRPLANE!

OH, HEAVENS! IT'S THE
WING, AND THE **SKYMAN**!



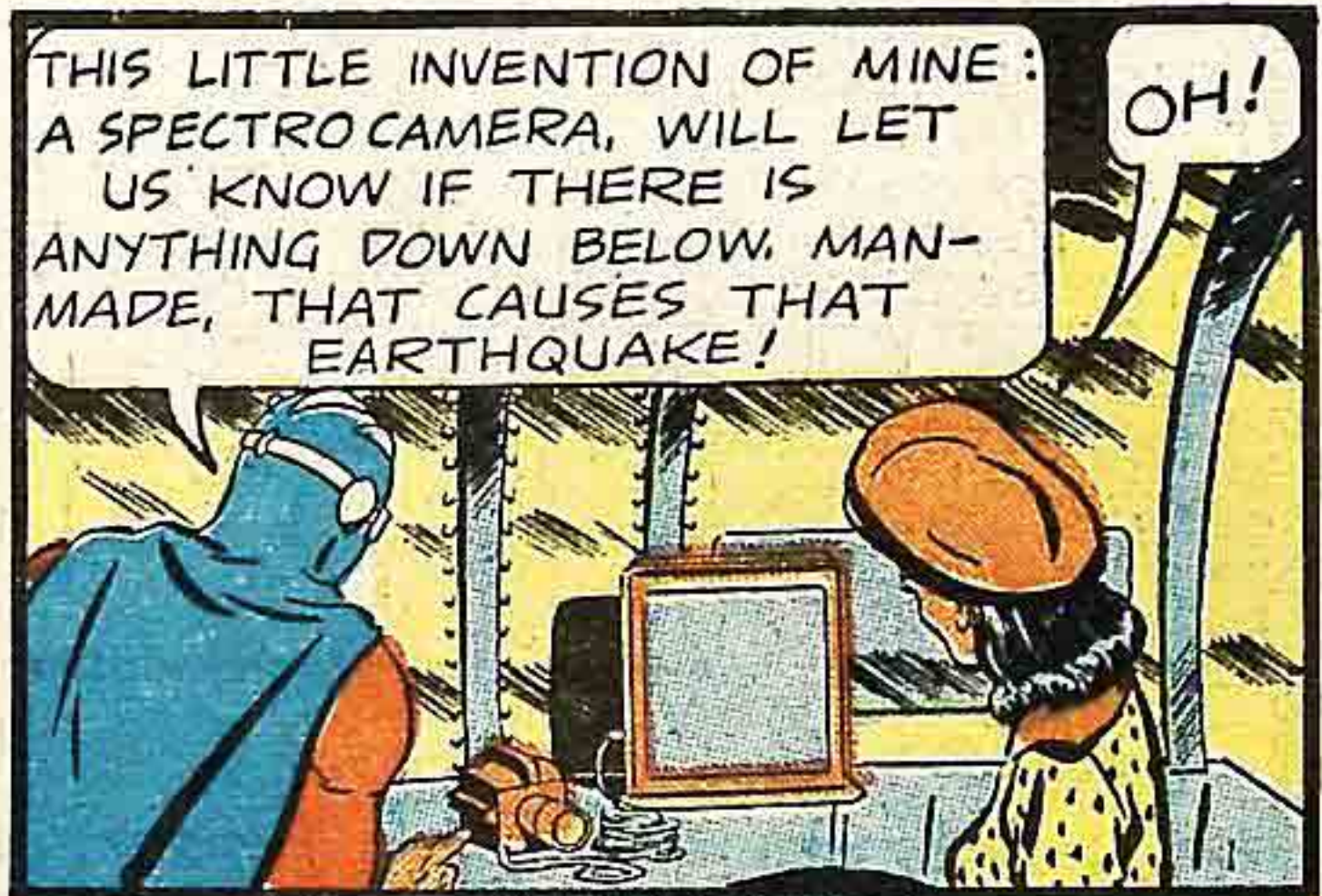
BIG SHOT COMICS



GRAB HOLD! THE GROUND IS STARTING TO SHAKE AGAIN!



I SURE WILL! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



OH!



I'LL YELL WHEN I CAN TELL!



BIG SHOT COMICS



THE COLORS ARE GREEN AND RED AND WHITE!

MESOTRONS! IS IT POSSIBLE?



MESOTRONS, LIKE ATOMS AND MOLECULES, ARE CAPABLE OF FURNISHING GREAT POWER! IF SPIES PLACED A MESOTRONIC FIELD UNDER THE EARTH AND BOMBARDED IT, THEY COULD CAUSE AN EARTHQUAKE

BUT HOW? THEY'D HAVE TO DIG UP THE GROUND FOR THAT!

NOT NECESSARILY! IF THEY FOUND A FIELD OF ROCK BENEATH THE NAVY YARD, THEY COULD WORK ON THE MESOTRONIC FORCES WITHIN THAT ROCK! I'M SURE THAT'S WHAT THEY'VE DONE!



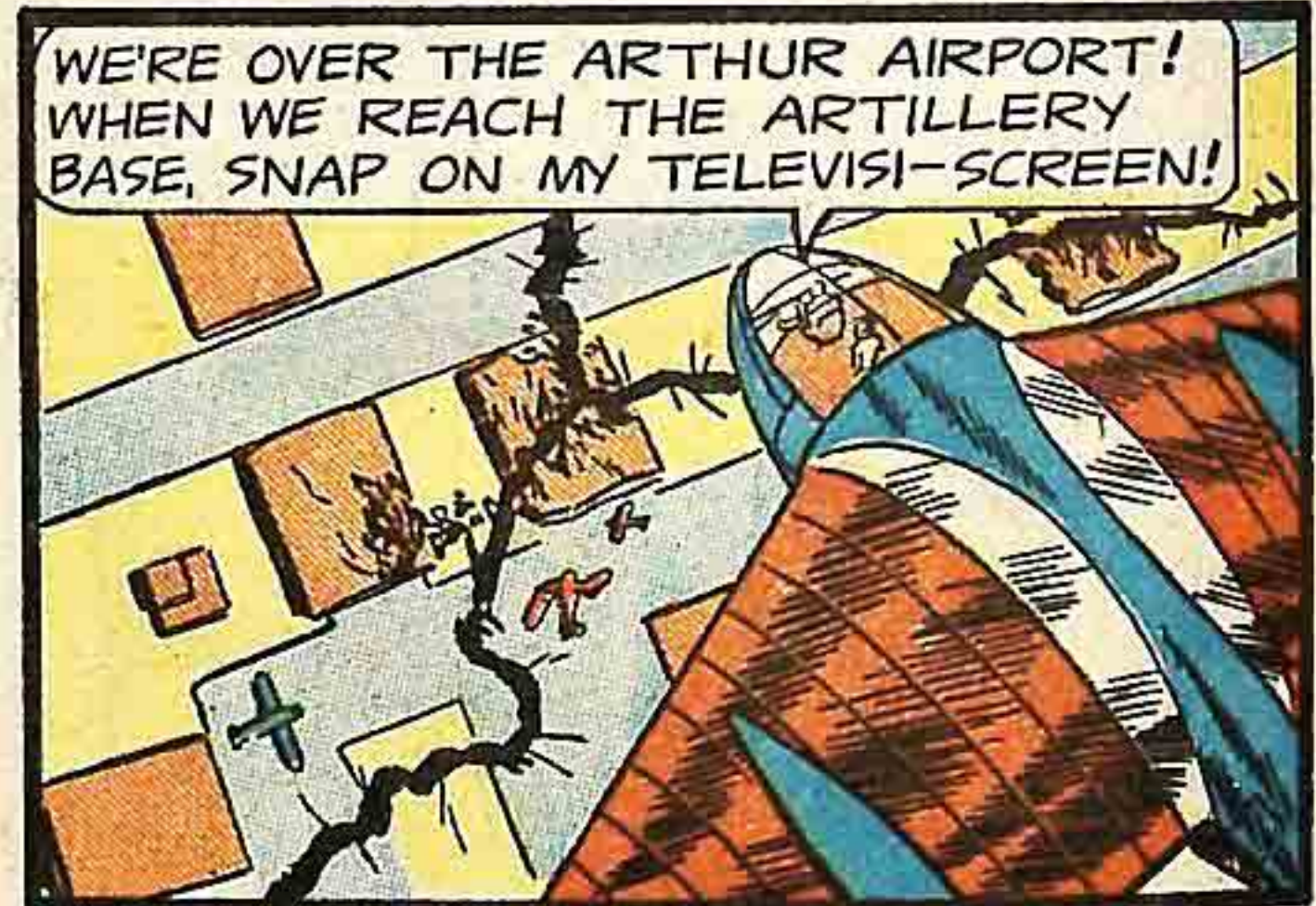
BUT YOU CAN STOP THEM FROM FURTHER-

LISTEN!

ATTENTION! LATE NEWS FLASH, REPORTS EARTHQUAKE STRUCK AT EAST COAST NAVY YARD, ARTHUR AIRPORT AND THE COAST ARTILLERY BASE!



THAT SETTLES IT! EVERY PLACE EFFECTED BY THE QUAKES WERE MILITARY OBJECTIVES! A FAST PLANE COULD HAVE COVERED THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THOSE POINTS IN SHORT ORDER!

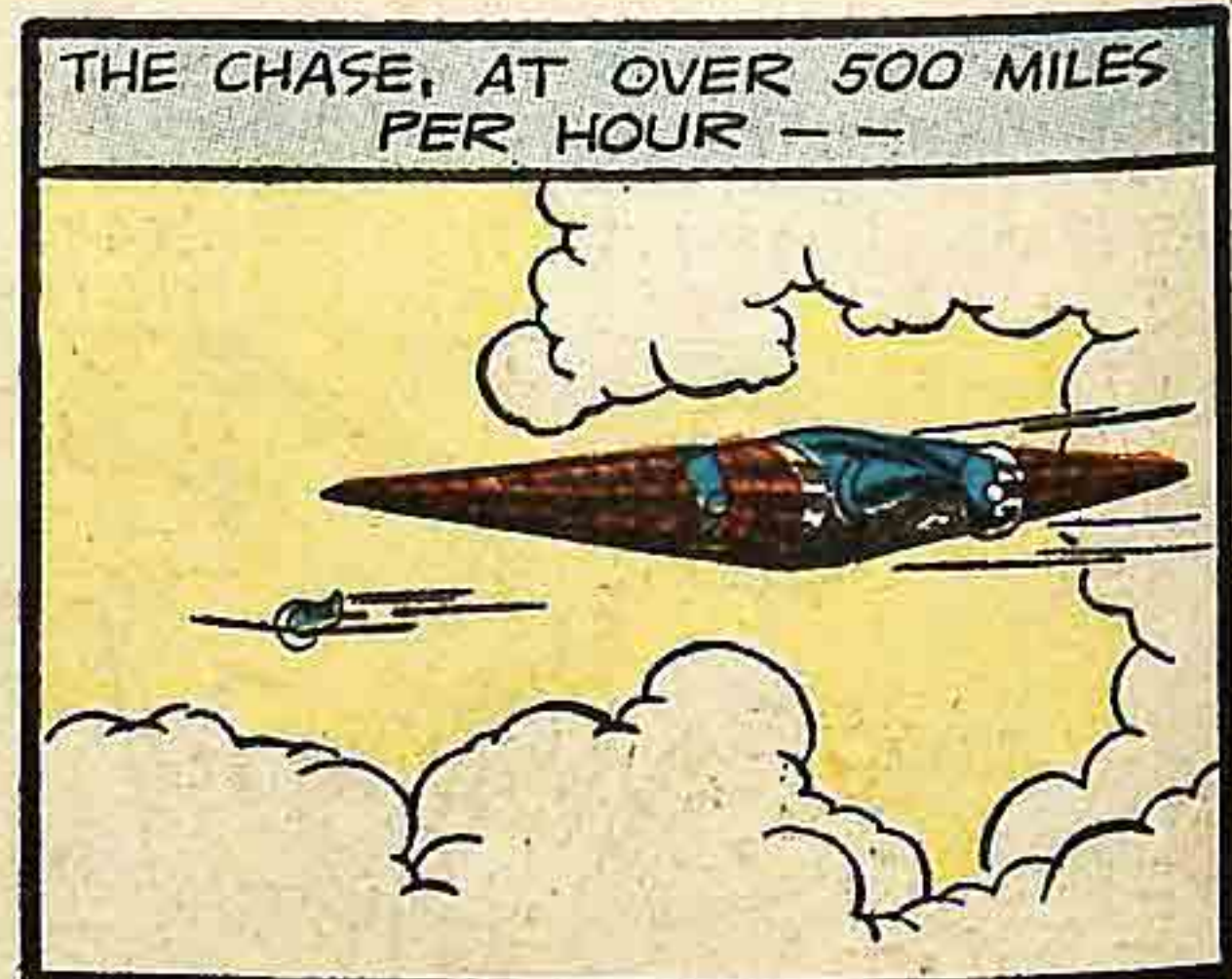


WE'RE OVER THE ARTHUR AIRPORT! WHEN WE REACH THE ARTILLERY BASE, SNAP ON MY TELEVISI-SCREEN!



LOOK! THAT STRANGE GREEN PLANE! IT'S FLYING AWAY FROM THE ARTILLERY BASE NOW!

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR - THAT PLANE!



THE CHASE, AT OVER 500 MILES PER HOUR - -

BIG SHOT COMICS

THE GREEN PLANE'S INTERIOR - - -

SOMEONE'S FOLLOWING US, IN A BIG RED-AND-BLUE PLANE! QUEER LOOKING CRATE, TOO!

I'LL LOSE IT! I'LL STEP UP THIS SPEEDSTER, TO 600 AN HOUR!

I'VE GOT THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN - AND STILL THAT OTHER PLANE GAINS ON US!

WHAT'LL WE DO? IF THEY FIND THE MESOTROGUN ON US - - - ?

WE'RE GAINING! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO OUT ON THE WING AND JUMP FOR THEM!

I'VE GOT A MUCH BETTER IDEA ON HOW TO BRING THEM WITH US! JUST WATCH

JAGGED BEAMS LEAP FROM THE HULL OF THE WING - - -

NOW WATCH! AS WE DROP TO THE GROUND, THE GREEN PLANE'LL COME RIGHT WITH US!

THE MOTOR'S REVVING PLENTY, BUT WE JUST DON'T GO ANYWHERE! WE SEEM TO BE CAUGHT IN A GIANT HAND

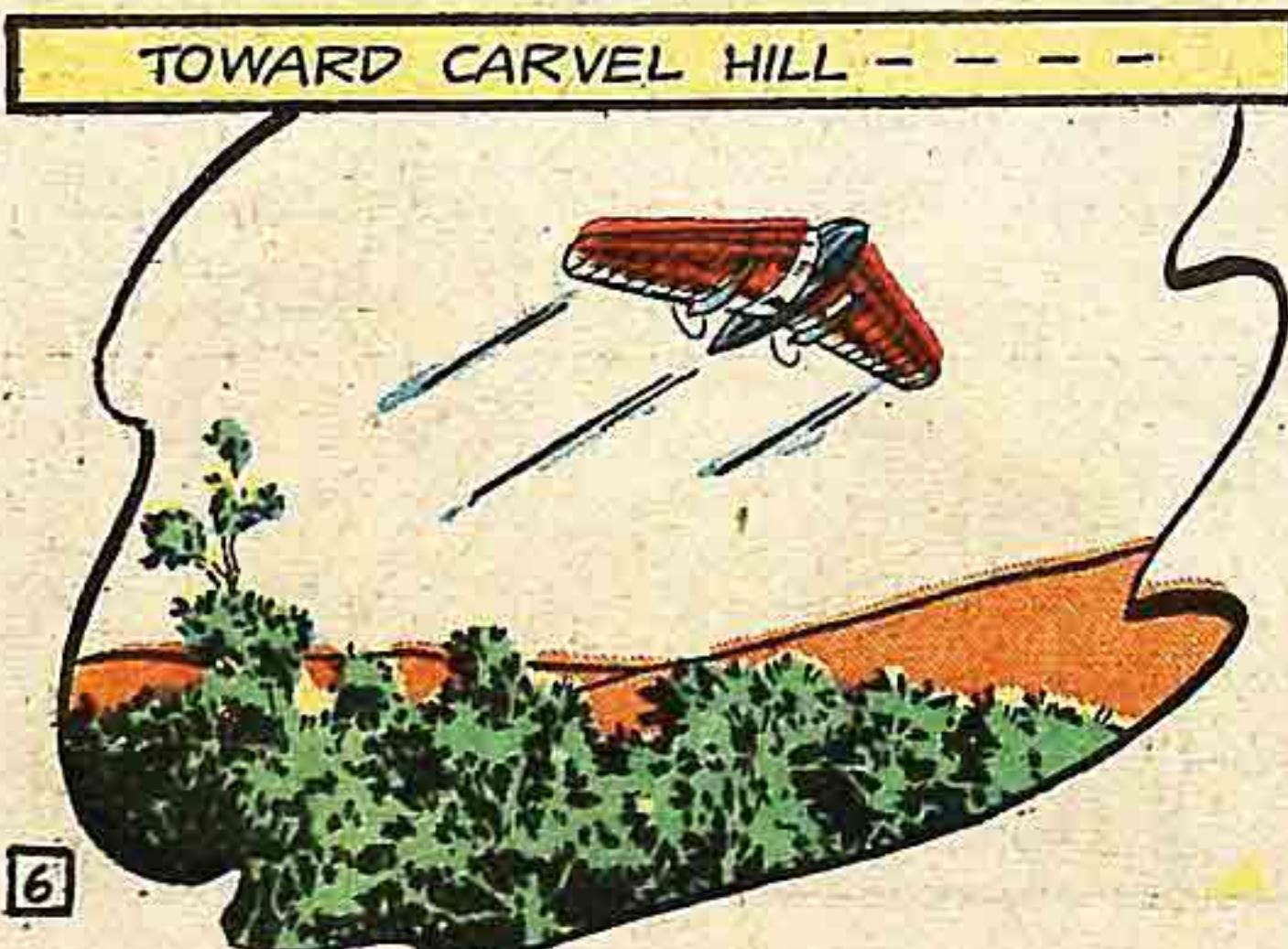
WE'RE FALLING GROUND-WARD!

THE WING LANDS, WITH THE GREEN PLANE HELD RIGID ABOVE IT - - -

I'LL DROP THEM LIGHTLY ON THE GROUND, UPSIDE-DOWN! THIS IS A MAGNETIC RADIO BEAM THAT HOLDS THE PLANE, I DIRECT IT AT, PERFECTLY STATIONERY!

MARVELOUS!

BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

THE SKYMAN SWINGS OUT FROM THE WING - -

I OUGHT TO ADVOCATE A CAMPAIGN FOR MORE DOORS IN THE ROOF! IT WOULD MAKE MY VISITS EASIER!



OH, WELL, THE SKYLIGHT'S SERVED ME MORE THAN ONCE! I'LL ENTER THAT WAY!



UNKNOWN TO THE DARING SKYMAN, DE CARVA IS AWARE OF HIS PLANE - - -

AN ODD LOOKING PLANE TO GO FLYING OVER THE HOUSE! I THINK I'LL ASK ITS OCCUPANTS, TO PAY ME A VISIT!



THIS LITTLE AIRPLANE MAGNET OF MINE, WILL BRING, EVEN AN UNWILLING QUEST TO SEE ME!



IT IS FAWN CARROLL'S TURN TO FEEL HELPLESS - - - -

NO MATTER HOW MUCH POWER I APPLY - WE GO BACKWARDS!



COME OUT, ALL OF YOU!
COME OUT, I SAY!



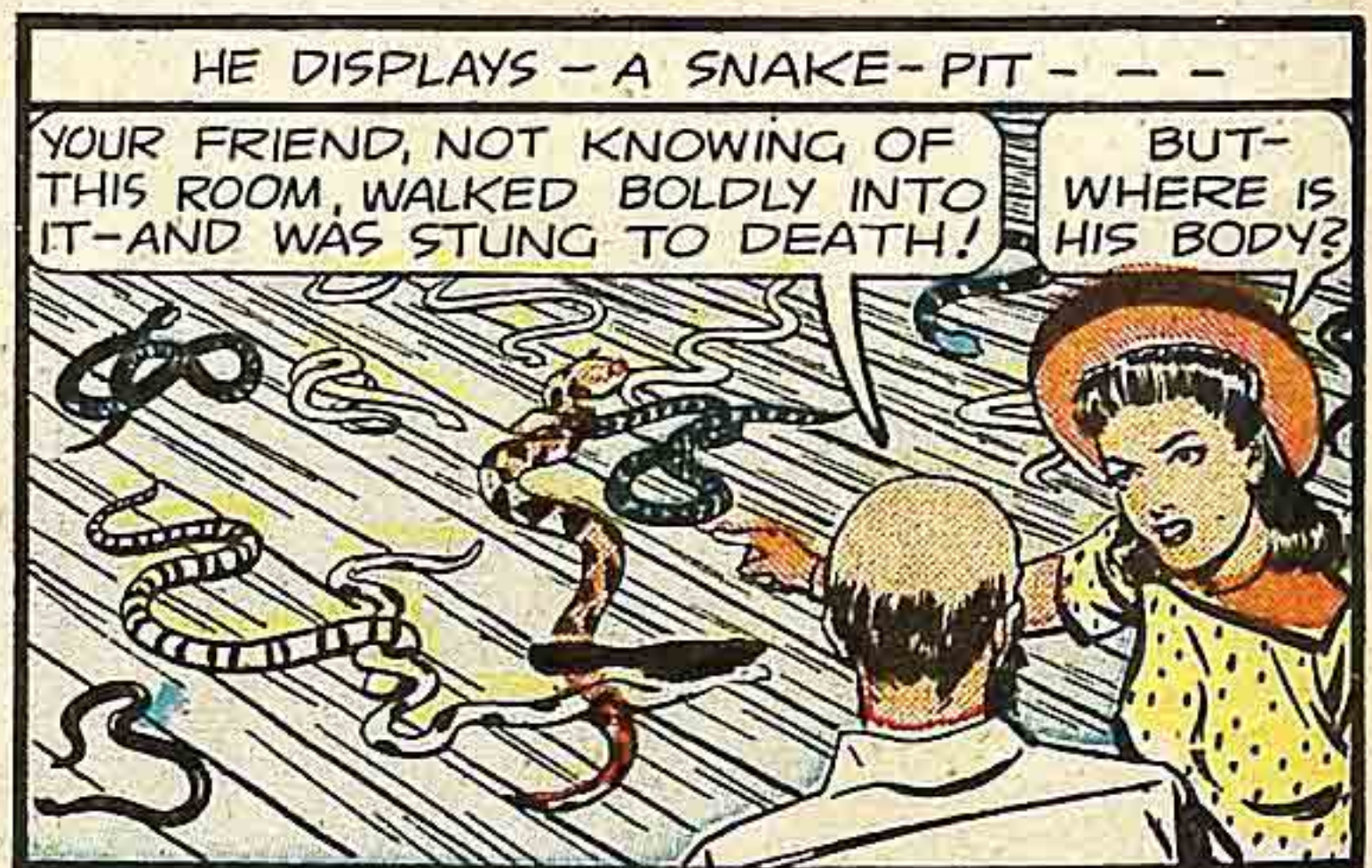
A GIRL AND A COUPLE OF MEN! HOW DID YOU FIND THIS PLACE? WHO IS THE LEADER AMONG YOU?

THE SKYMAN WILL -

KEEP QUIET! HE -



BIG SHOT COMICS



EH? TRUE! I - NOW, WHERE IS HIS BODY? CAN HE HAVE ESCAPED?



BIG SHOT COMICS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE SKYMAN? AS HE DROPPED DOWN THE STAIRS AND REPLACED THE SKYLIGHT, HE FOUND HIMSELF IN DARKNESS . . .

I HAVE A CREEPY SORT OF FEELING THAT THIS PLACE IS DANGEROUS! IT MIGHT PAY ME TO GO SOFTLY!



I KNOW WHAT THOSE MEN SAID WHEN THEY MENTIONED THAT DE CARVA DIDN'T NEED ANY 'SERVANTS'! BRRR—A ROOM FULL OF SNAKES! ONE MORE STEP AND I'D BE A GONER!



HERE'S ANOTHER DOOR LEADING SOMEWHERE! I'LL TAKE IT AND TRUST TO LUCK!



HMMMM! DOESN'T GO ANY--
-WHAT'S THAT? FOOTSTEPS!



HE CROUCHES, ALERT FOR DANGER - - -



I'LL FIX--
IT'S FAWN!

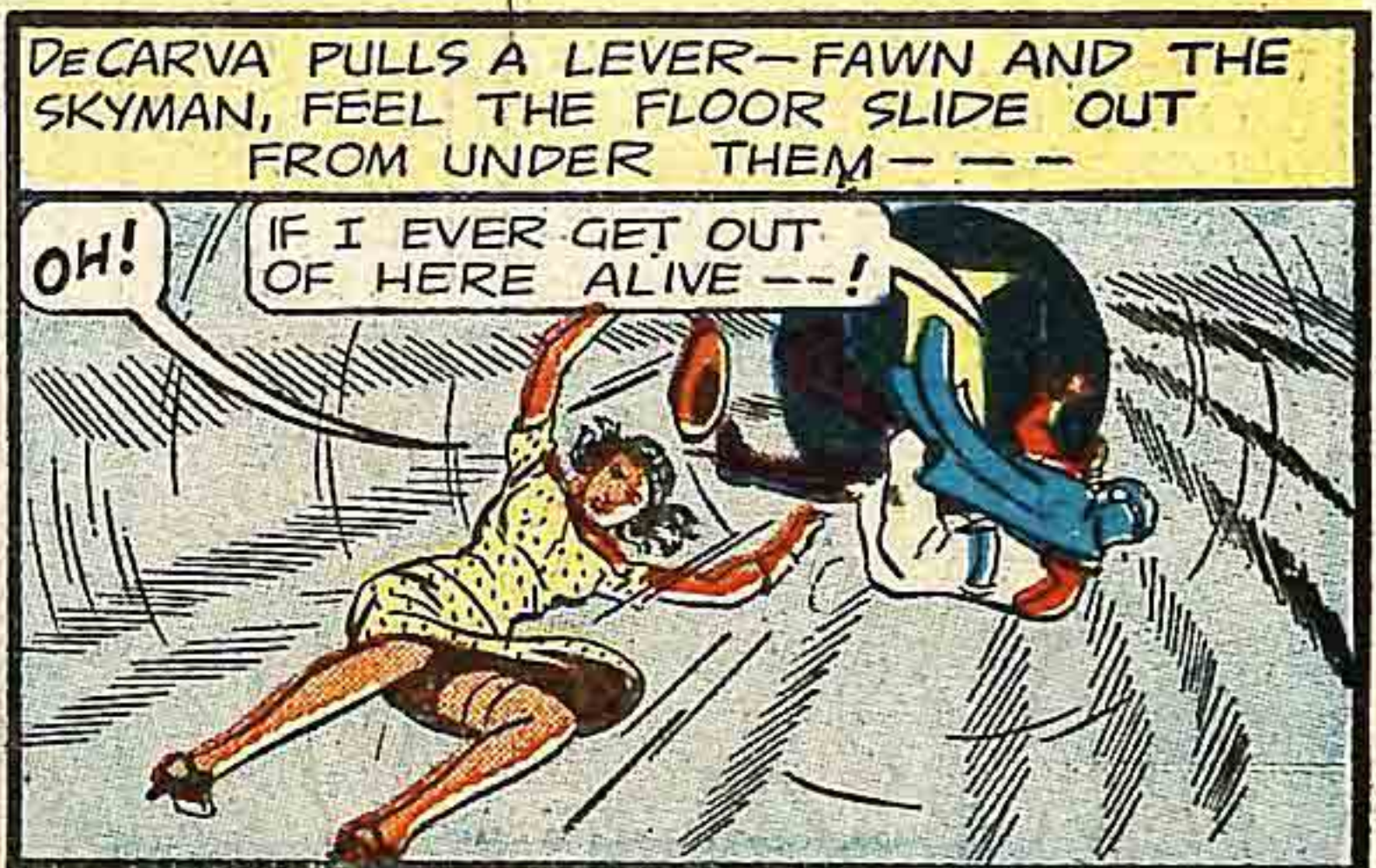
SKYMAN!

GOOD OF YOU TO YIELD YOURSELF LIKE THIS! DROP THAT GUN YOU'RE CARRYING!



FAREWELL TO BOTH OF YOU!

WHAT-!



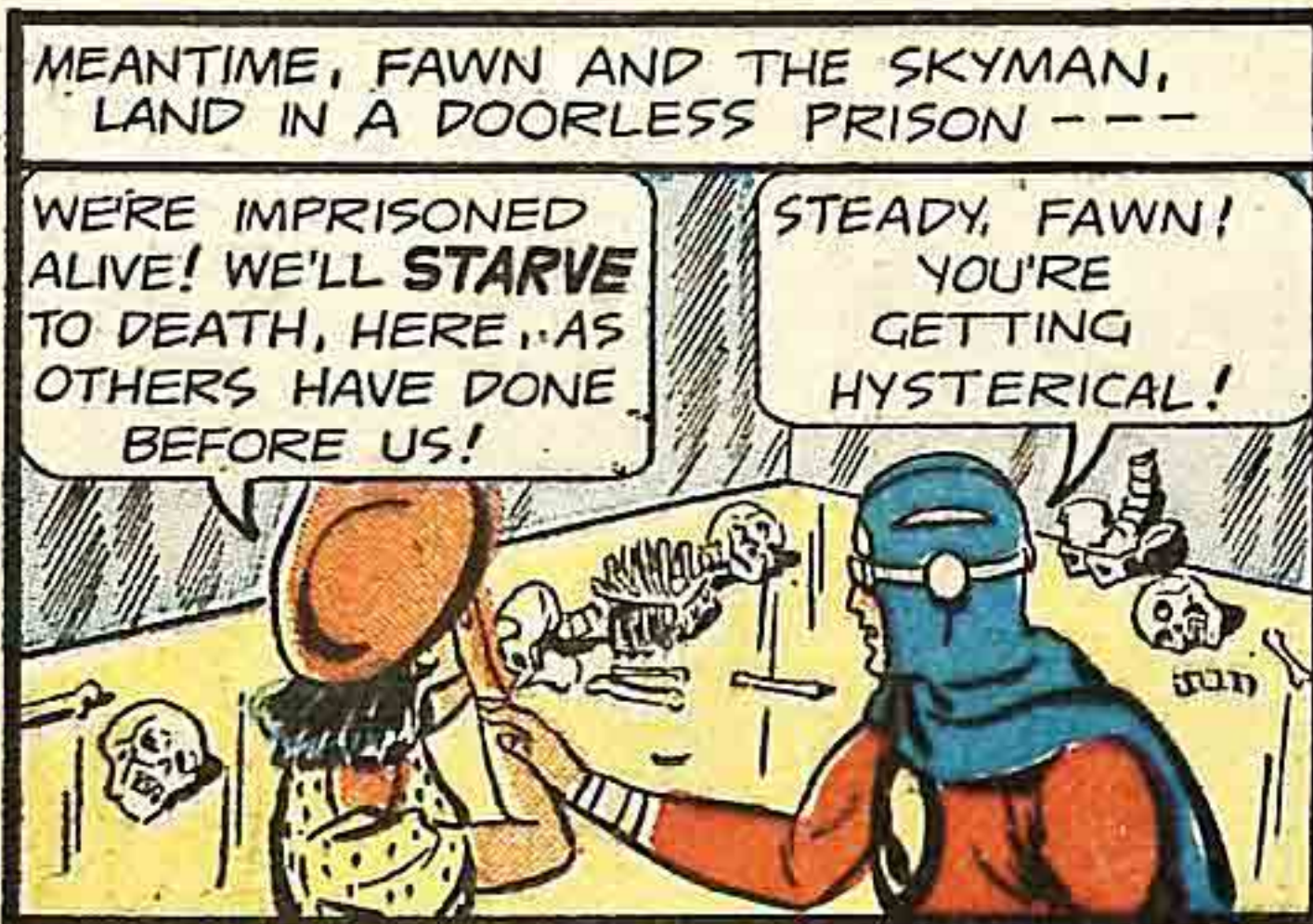
DECARVA PULLS A LEVER—FAWN AND THE SKYMAN, FEEL THE FLOOR SLIDE OUT FROM UNDER THEM - - -

OH!
IF I EVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE - - -!

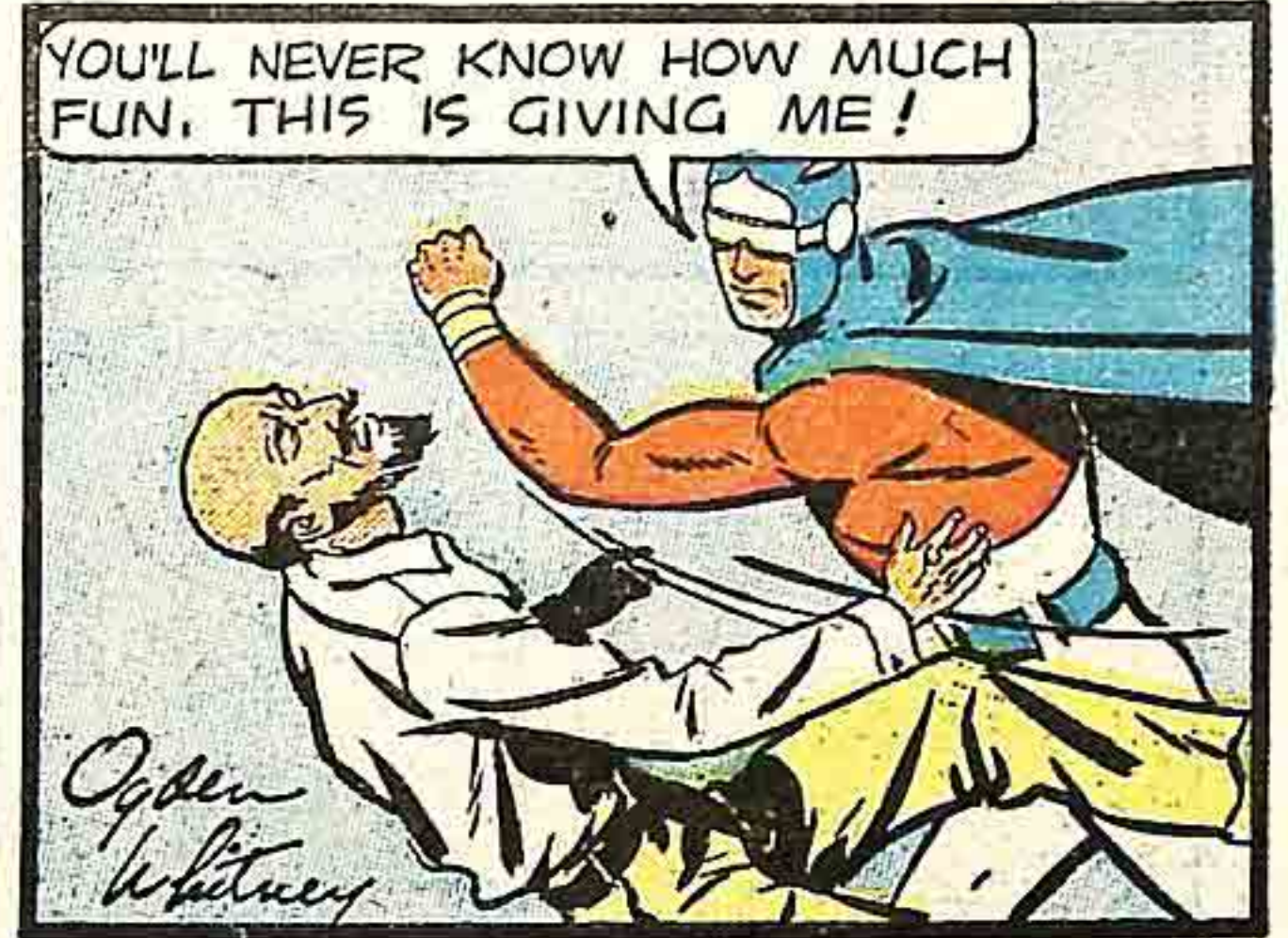
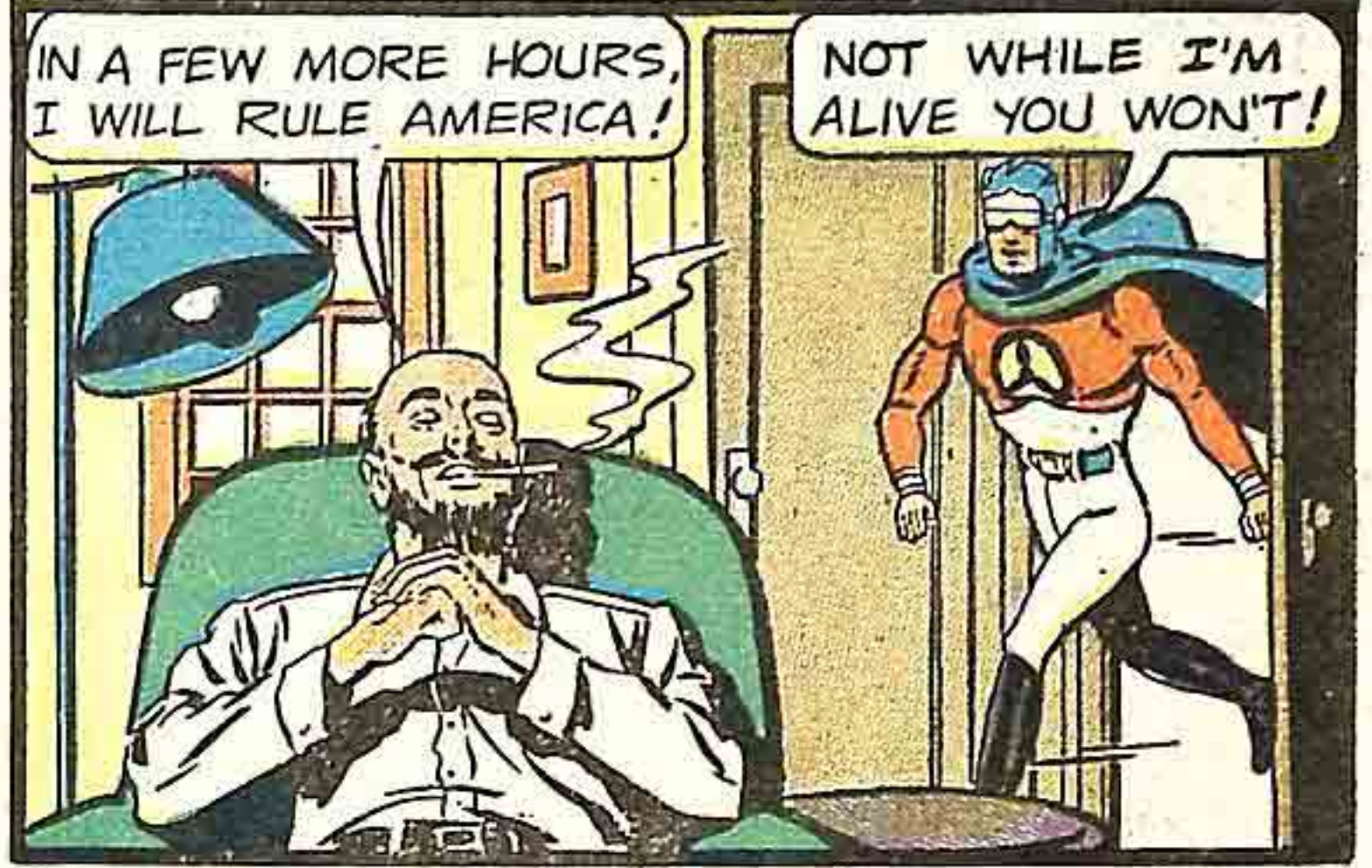
BIG SHOT COMICS



MY WARNING TO ALL THE AMERICAS! UNLESS YOU YIELD THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT TO ME, I'LL CONTINUE MY EARTHQUAKES, UNTIL I DESTROY ALL THE COUNTRY!



BIG SHOT COMICS



Sparky Watts

by BOODY ROGERS

FOR LATE ARRIVALS--

DOCTOR STATIC, AN OLD SCIENTIST, HAS INVENTED A COSMIC RAY MACHINE THAT WILL TRANSMIT ENERGY TO A HUMAN BEING-- HE TESTED IT ON SPARKY WATTS AND SPARKY IMMEDIATELY BECAME THE STRONGEST, FASTEST, MOST INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN ON EARTH--

NOTHING CAN HURT ME-- NOT EVEN A CANNON SHOT, DOC SAYS-- BUT I'M AFRAID I'LL HURT SOMEONE ELSE!



WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL MAKE TH' BEST OF IT--AND I'LL KEEP MY PROMISE TO DOC---



--I'LL TRY TO DO NOTHING BUT GOOD--HELP TH' WEAK--HELP TH'---



LOOK! HERE COMES OUR NEXT VICTIM NOW!

HE'LL BE A CINCH--WE'LL COVER HIM WITH LIFE INSURANCE--AND WHEN WE BUMP HIM OFF WE'LL BE RICH AGAIN!

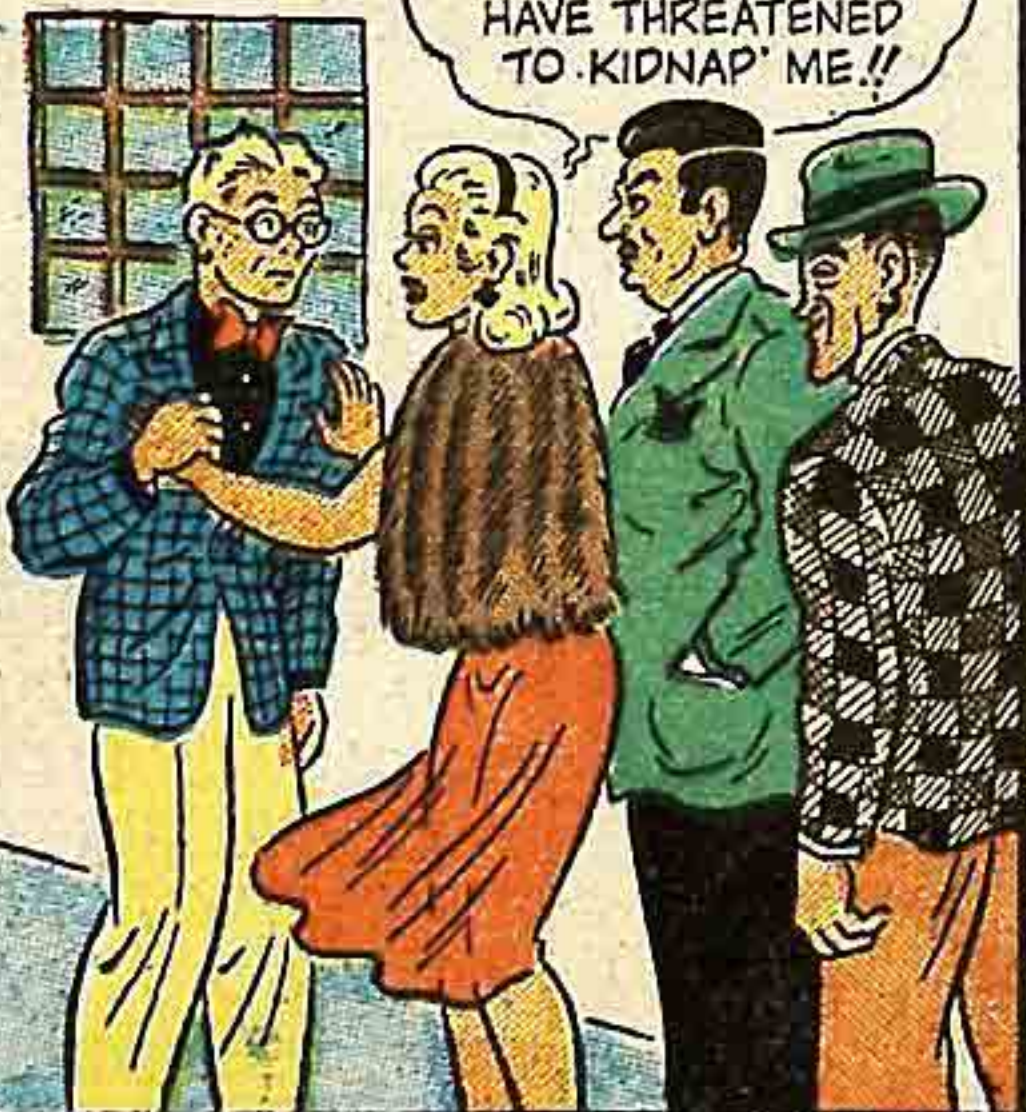


LEAVE HIM TO ME, BOYS-- I HAVE A WAY WITH YOUNG BLADES--

---OH, MISTER--- WILL YOU HELP A LADY THAT IS IN DISTRESS?



OH, PLEASE, SIR-- YOU MUST HELP US-- SOME GANGSTERS HAVE THREATENED TO KIDNAP ME!!

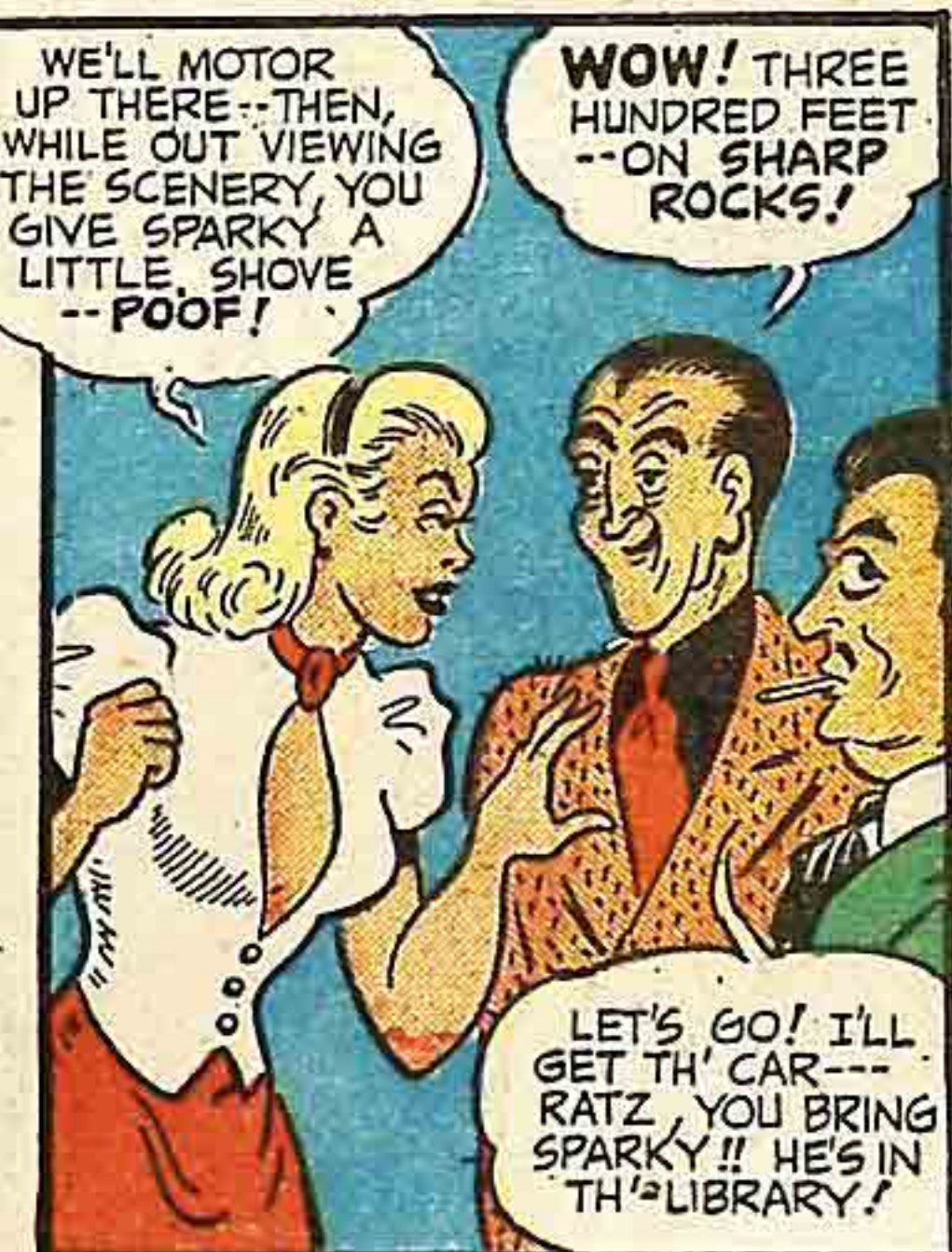


BUT WHY DON'T YOU TELL TH' POLICE?

I CAN'T--I'M AN ACTRESS--THEY'D THINK IT ONLY A PUBLICITY STUNT--BUT I WON'T BE AFRAID IF YOU'LL HELP MY TWO FRIENDS GUARD ME!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



CAPTAIN DEVILDOG

OF THE U.S. MARINES



CAPTAIN HANK STEELE... KNOWN, BECAUSE OF HIS MANY DARING EXPLOITS, AS CAPTAIN DEVILDOG, HAS BEEN SHIFTED TO THAT OUTPOST OF MIGHTY AMERICAN POWER, THE PHILLIPINE ISLANDS...



BIG SHOT COMICS

THE DARING THIEF SNATCHES SOME PAPERS!



BUT HE IS DISCOVERED...



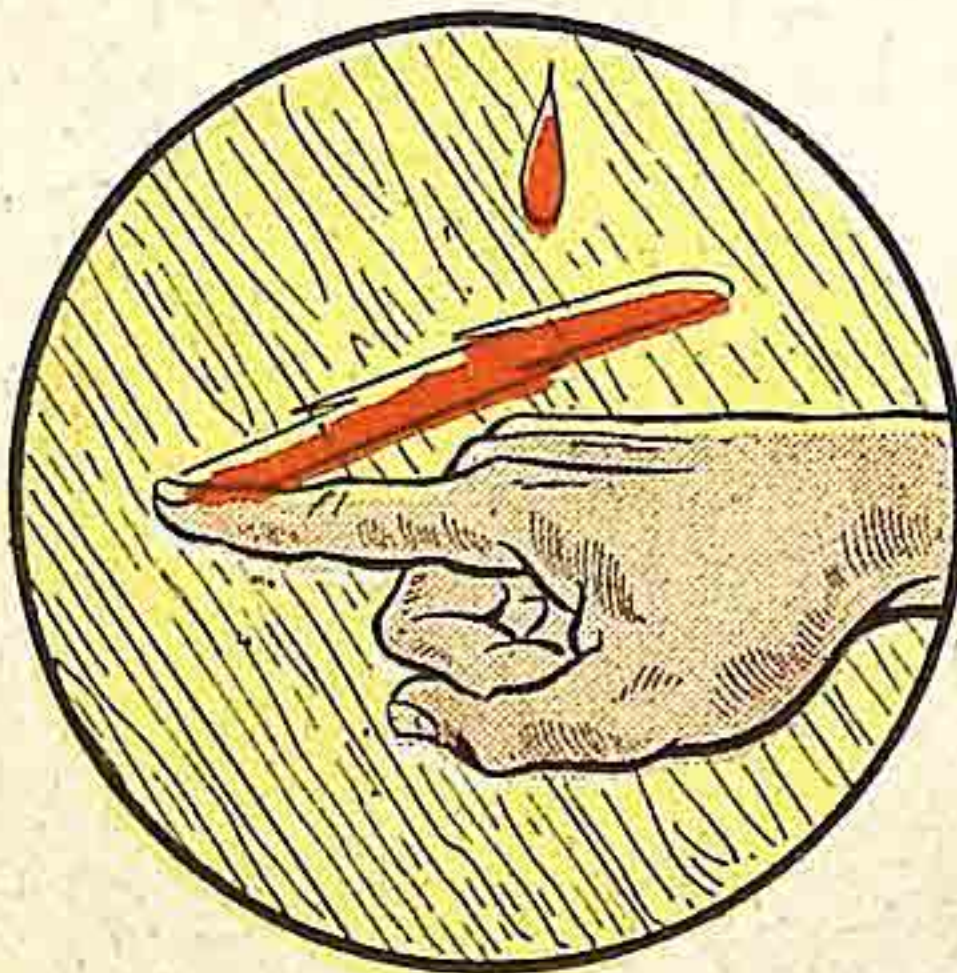
I--I AH-H-H--



THE GETAWAY.



WITH HIS LAST BIT OF STRENGTH, THE DYING COLONEL MAKES A TRACK IN THE BLOOD THAT DRIPS FROM HIS WOUND



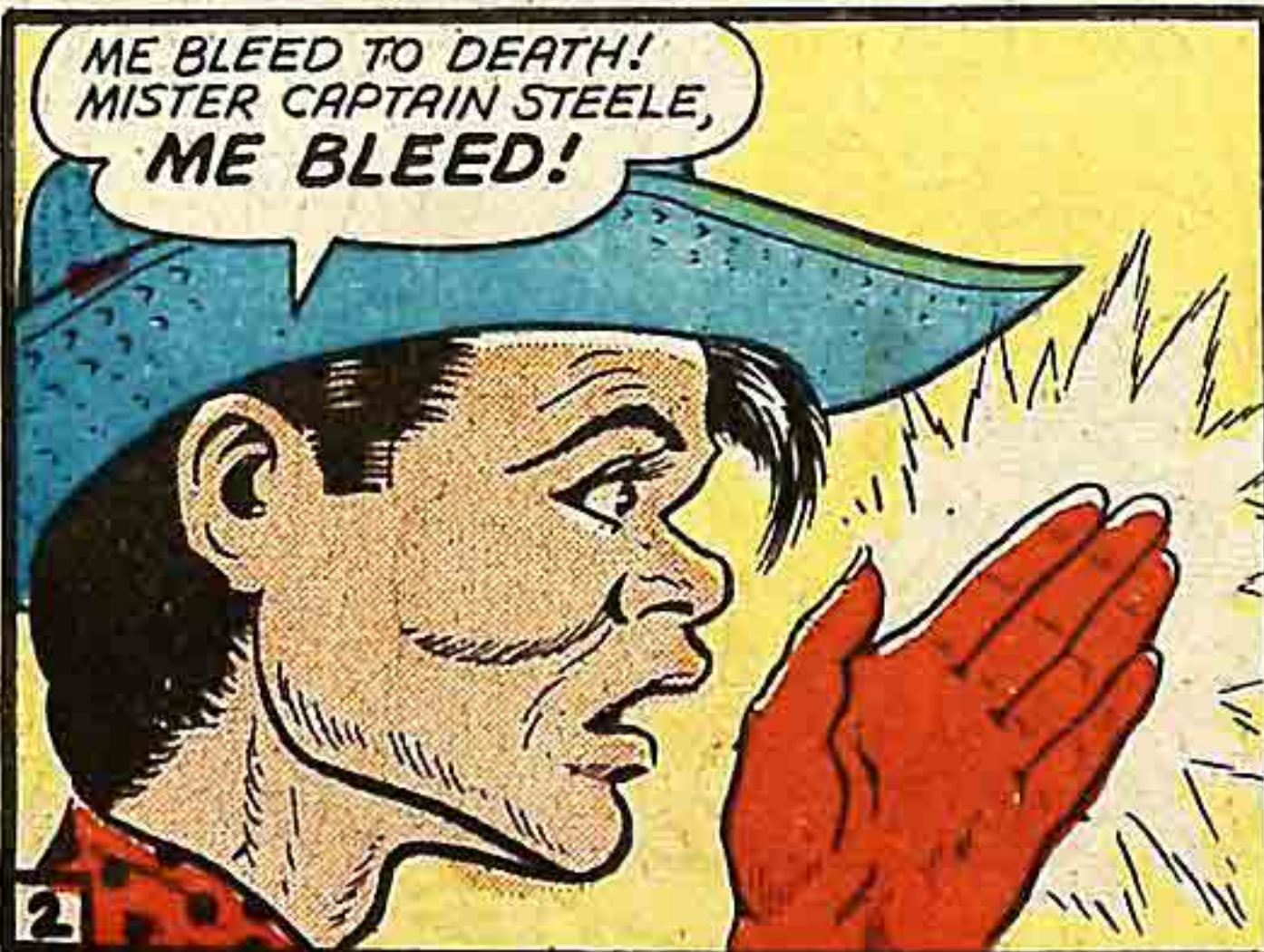
THE DAY DRAGS ON. THE GUARD CHANGES TWICE-- WHEN THE COLONEL FAILS TO CALL ON HIM, CAPTAIN HANK STEELE LEAVES HIS TENT---

I'M GOING TO CALL ON THE COLONEL, UKI-- WATCH THE-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GOT SUPPLIES FROM MEDICAL STORE-- I **WOW!**



ME BLEED TO DEATH! MISTER CAPTAIN STEELE, **ME BLEED!**



YOU LITTLE IDIOT! YOU MUST'VE GOTTEN HOLD OF A BOTTLE OF ORCIN. IT TURNS RED WHEN APPLIED TO THE SKIN!

WHEW! ME GLAD ME NOT BLEED, ME TELL YOU!



BIG SHOT COMICS



GOOD OLD UKI! HE'S ALWAYS GETTING INTO SOME SORT OF TROUBLE! BUT HE'S A GOOD MAN TO HAVE IN THESE HILLS!



YOU MEAN TO SAY COLONEL LYMAN DIDN'T COME OUT ALL DAY?

NO, SIR!



COLONEL LYMAN! ARE--ARE--YOU--
GUARD! CALL MAJOR DORWIN!



WHAT'S UP?

COLONEL LYMAN--MURDERED BY A NATIVE DAGGER! SOME PAPERS I SAW ON HIS DESK EARLIER--ARE GONE!



I'D LIKE PERMISSION TO TRACK THAT MAN DOWN, MAJOR. I'VE A FEELING HE'LL LEAD US TO THE SPIES OPERATING AROUND HERE! UKI IS A GOOD TRAILER--LET US FOLLOW HIM!

GO RIGHT AHEAD, STEELE. IF YOU NEED HELP SEND UP A FLARE!



IT'S TIME WE TAUGHT THOSE THEIVING KILLERS A LESSON!

CAPTAIN DEVILDOG IS THE MAN TO DO IT, SIR!

IF ANY WHITE FOOLS FOLLOW--
KILL!

INTO THE THICK FOREST RACE HANK STEELE AND UKI.



ME SEE TRAIL EASY, CAP'N! HIM GO THIS WAY---FAST TOO!

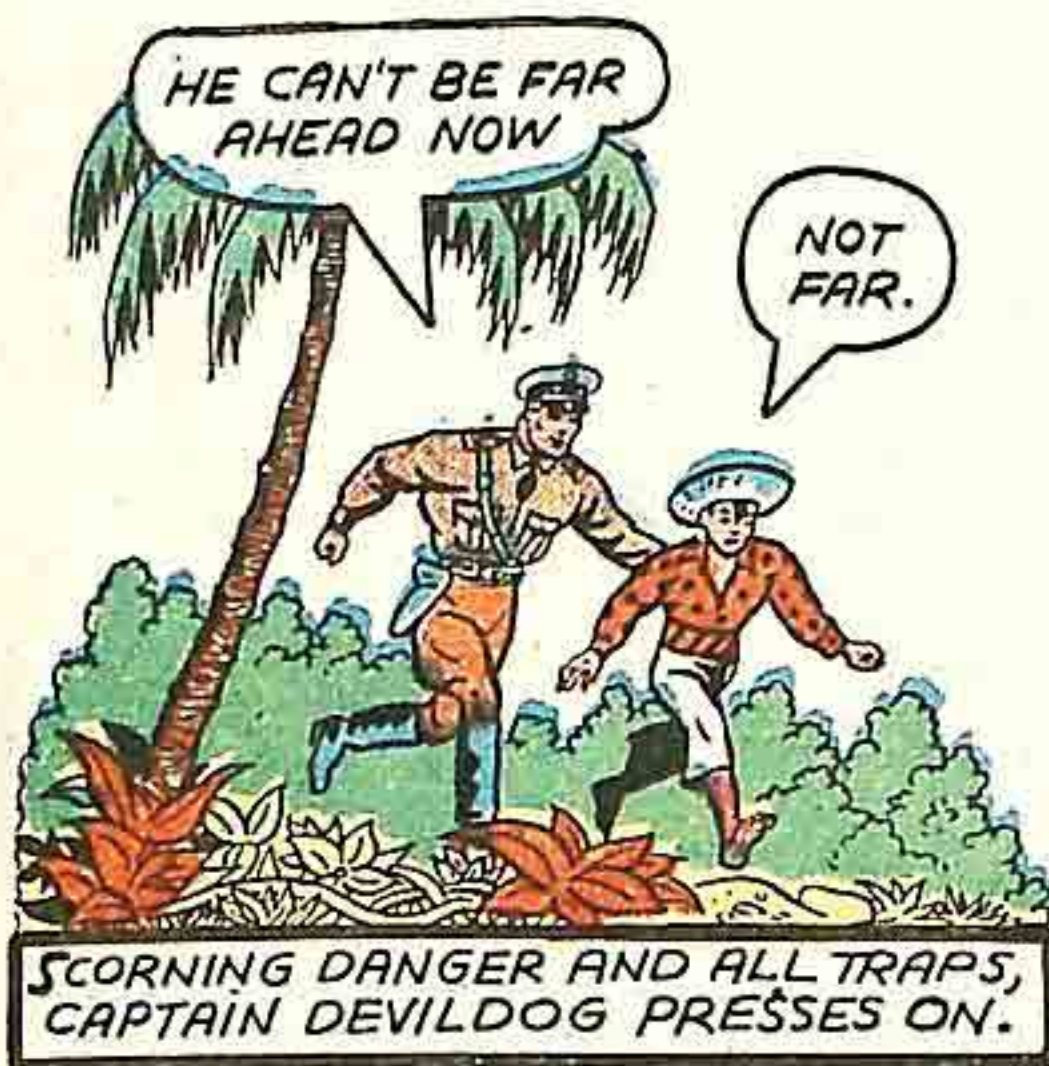
THEN WE'LL GO FAST--STEP UP THE PACE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN--AND STILL TRAIL HIM--



ME KNOW WHAT TO DO!

AHEAD OF THEM ON THE VENGEANCE TRAIL---

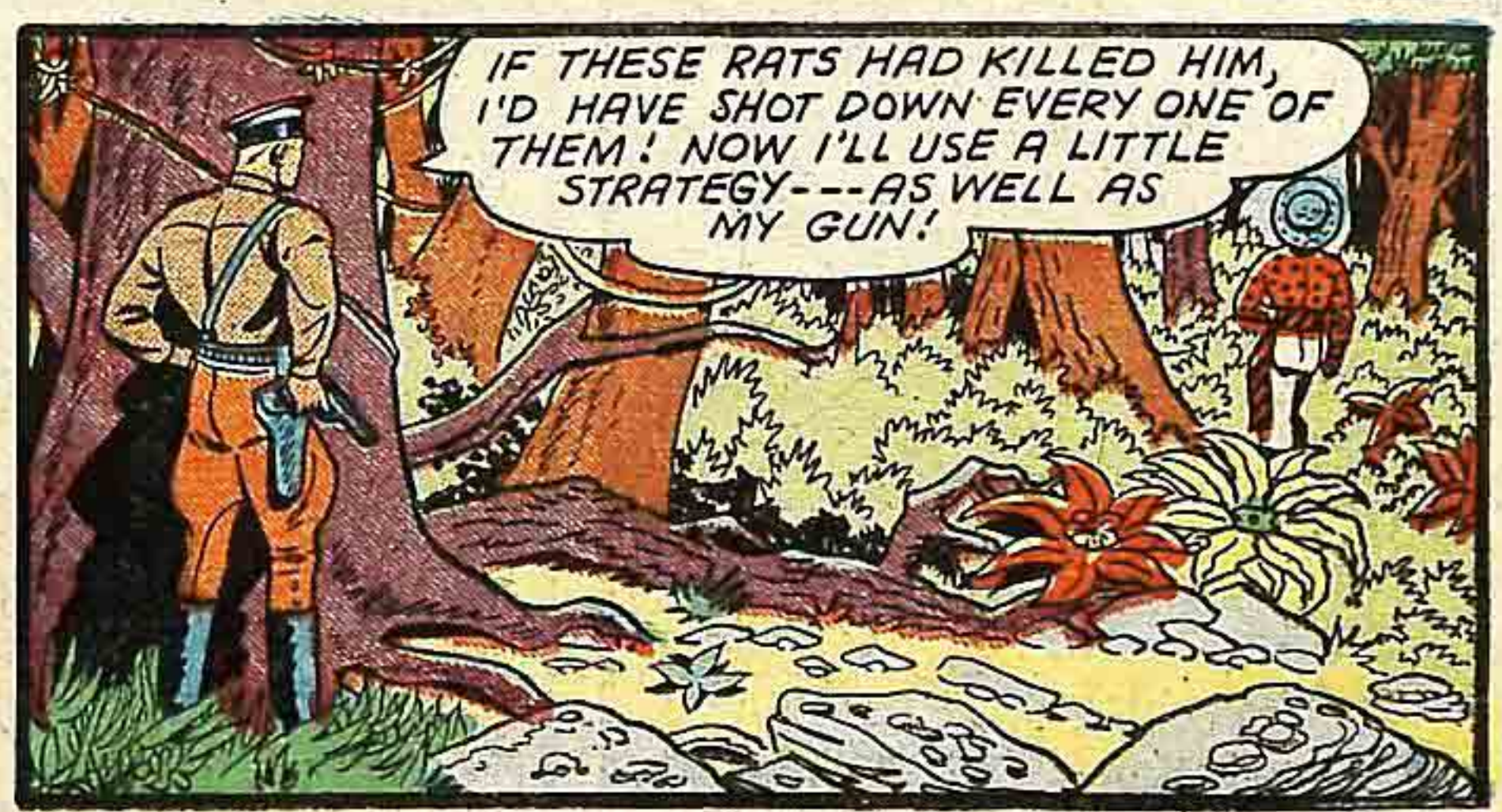
BIG SHOT COMICS



HE SWINGS WITH ALL THE BRAWN OF HIS POWERFUL FRAME!!



REMEMBERING HIS DEAD FRIEND, HANK GOES WITH RAGE WITH SMASHES THE NATIVE AGAINST A TREE AGAIN AND AGAIN--



BIG SHOT COMICS



HIS QUICK EYES DISCERN A MOVEMENT IN THE UNDERBRUSH--



LIKE AN ENRAGED PANTHER, HANK SPRINGS FORWARD!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



FILM FLASHES

WALLACE BEERY, WHO IS FAMOUS FOR HIS VILLAINOUS "HARD GUY" ROLES ON THE SCREEN SUCH AS "PANCHE VILLA" AND "LONG JOHN SILVER", PLAYED THE PART OF A SWEDISH SERVANT GIRL IN HIS FIRST MOTION PICTURE DEBUT!



A COMPLETE GORILLA COSTUME AS IS USED IN THE MOVIES COSTS \$2,800.00 AND CAN BE WORN FOR ONLY TEN MINUTES AT A TIME!

HARPO MARK WORE OUT TWO WIGS ACTING IN "GO WEST." HE SAYS THEY TURN GRAY BECAUSE OF HIS MANY WORRIES!

JOEL MEREA BROKE IN A WILD BLACK STALLION THAT NOBODY ELSE ON HIS RANCH WOULD HANDLE!



ALAN MOWBRAY WAS THE ONLY OFFICER TO SURVIVE HIS OUTFIT IN THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE OF 1914. ALL THE OTHERS WERE KILLED!



BIG SHOT COMICS

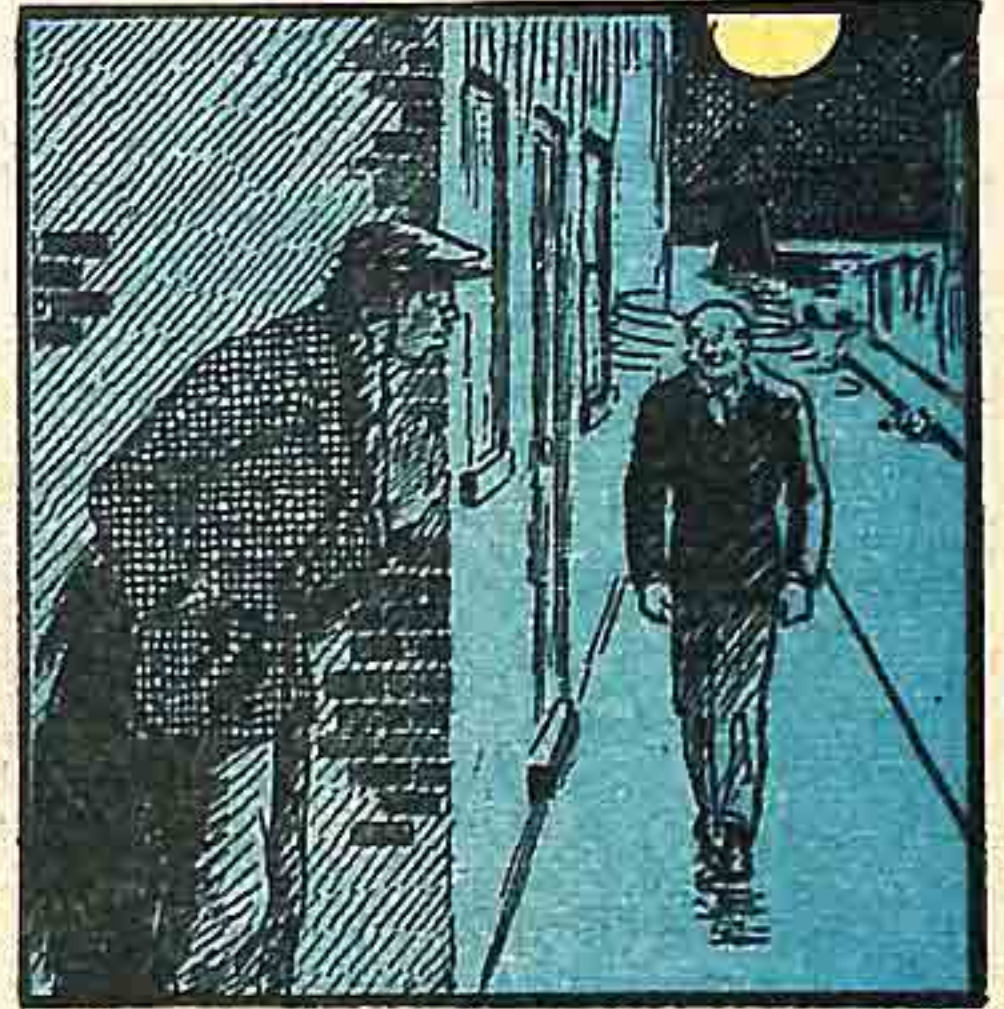


JOE PALOOKA

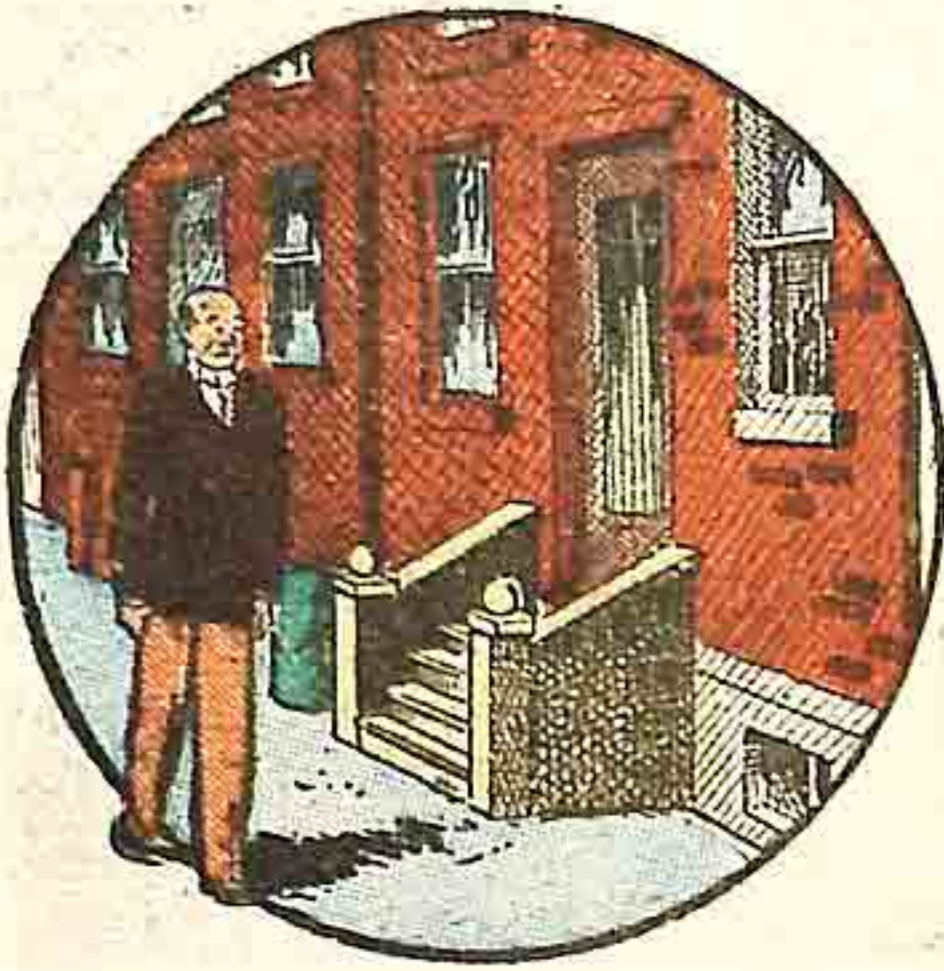
WEIDEBOTTOM HAD KNOBBY THROWN OUT OF A FIGHT ARENA RESULTING IN KNOBBY'S LOSS OF MIND..... HE IS WANDERING AIMLESSLY WHEN.....



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



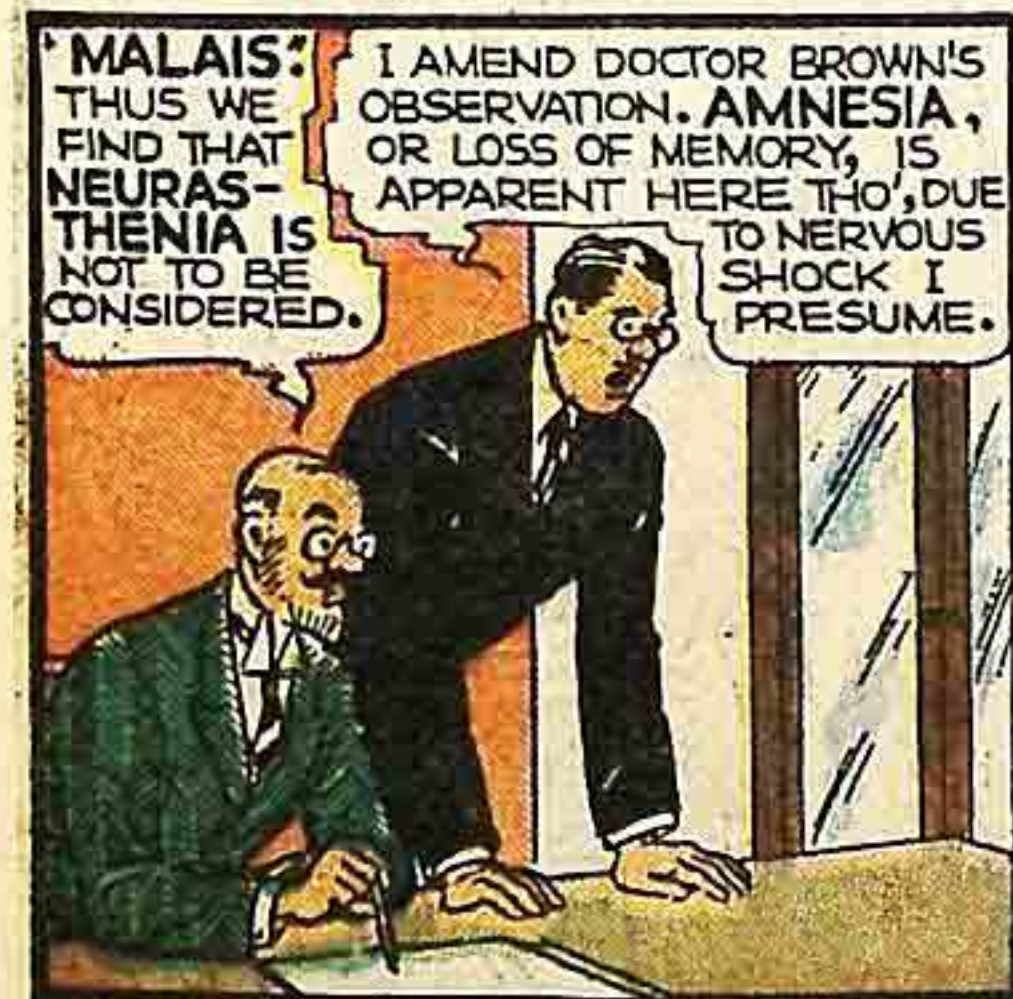
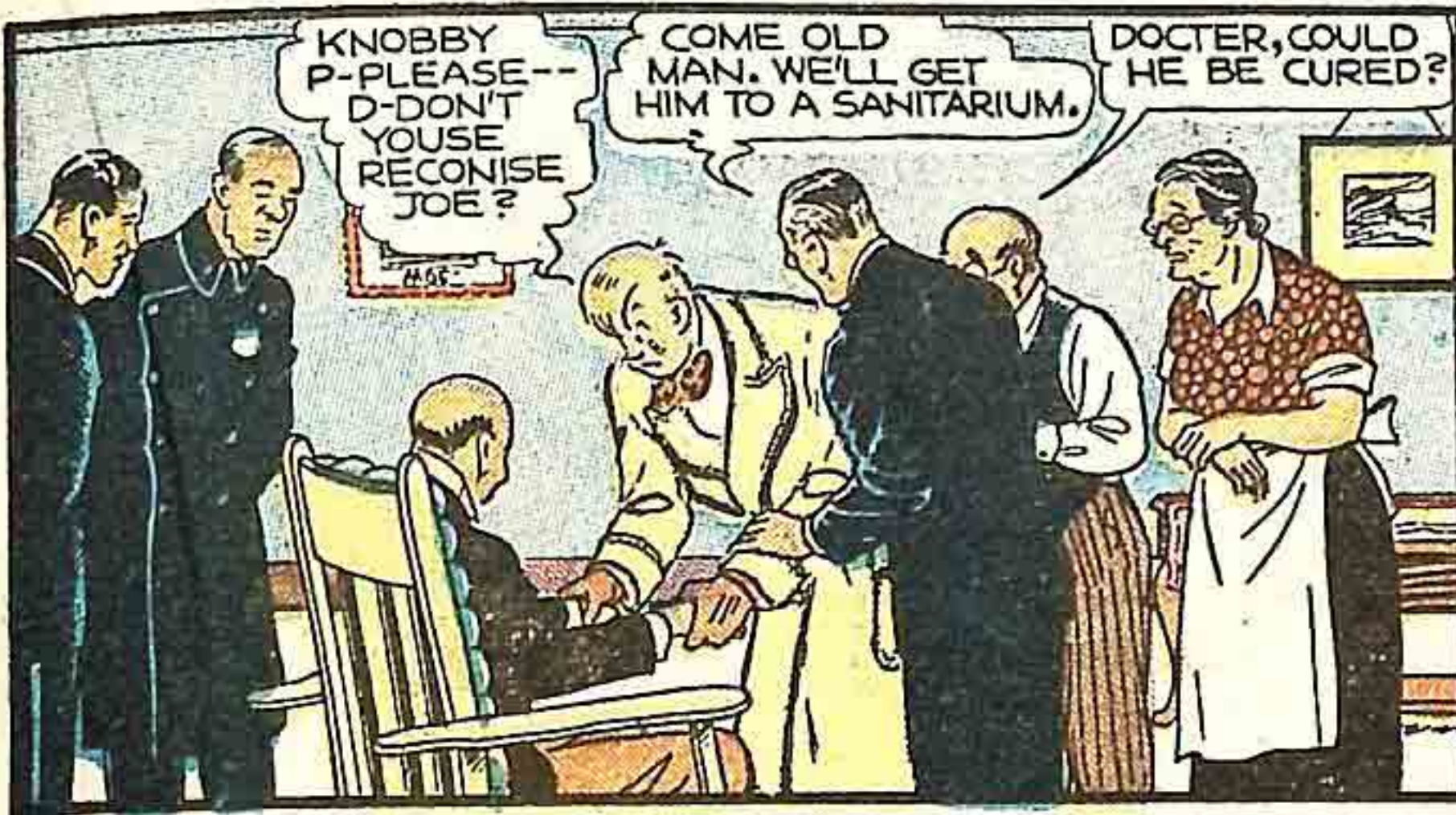
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



SPY-CHIEF

IN AMERICA HIDDEN BOMBS EXPLODE TO BRING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO MEN AND PROPERTY. SABOTAGE AND ESPIONAGE ARE RAMPANT IN THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTERS OF THE NATION. AGAINST THIS ENEMY, FORCE FIGHTS THE THIN BUT TOUGH RANKS OF THE F.B.I.; AND IN THEIR MIDST, THE FIGURE OF JEFF CARDIFF, *SPYCHIEF*!



THAT FACTORY FIRE IS THE THIRD IN TWO WEEKS, REX! WE'VE GOT TO LOOK AROUND FOR EVIDENCE OF SABOTAGE!



THESE LOOK LIKE FRAGMENTS OF A BOMB!

GRRRR...



WHAT'S UP, REX? OH, STRANGERS!

WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT YOU DOING HERE?



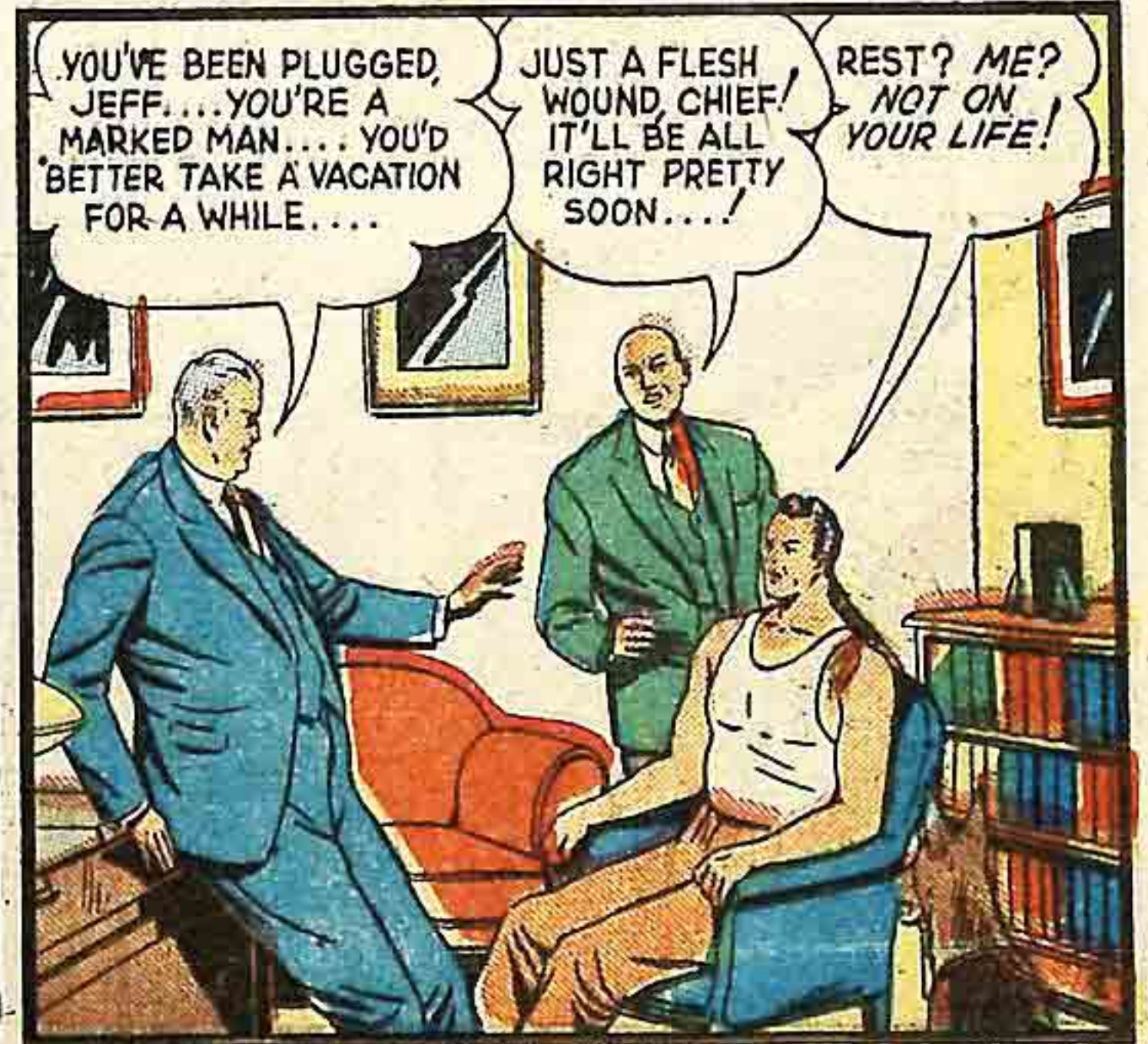
I'M FROM THE —

WE KNOW YOU! YOU'RE CARDIFF THAT SPY GUY!

STOP TALKING TO HIM AND FEED HIM THE BULLETS, JIM!



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BIG SHOT COMICS



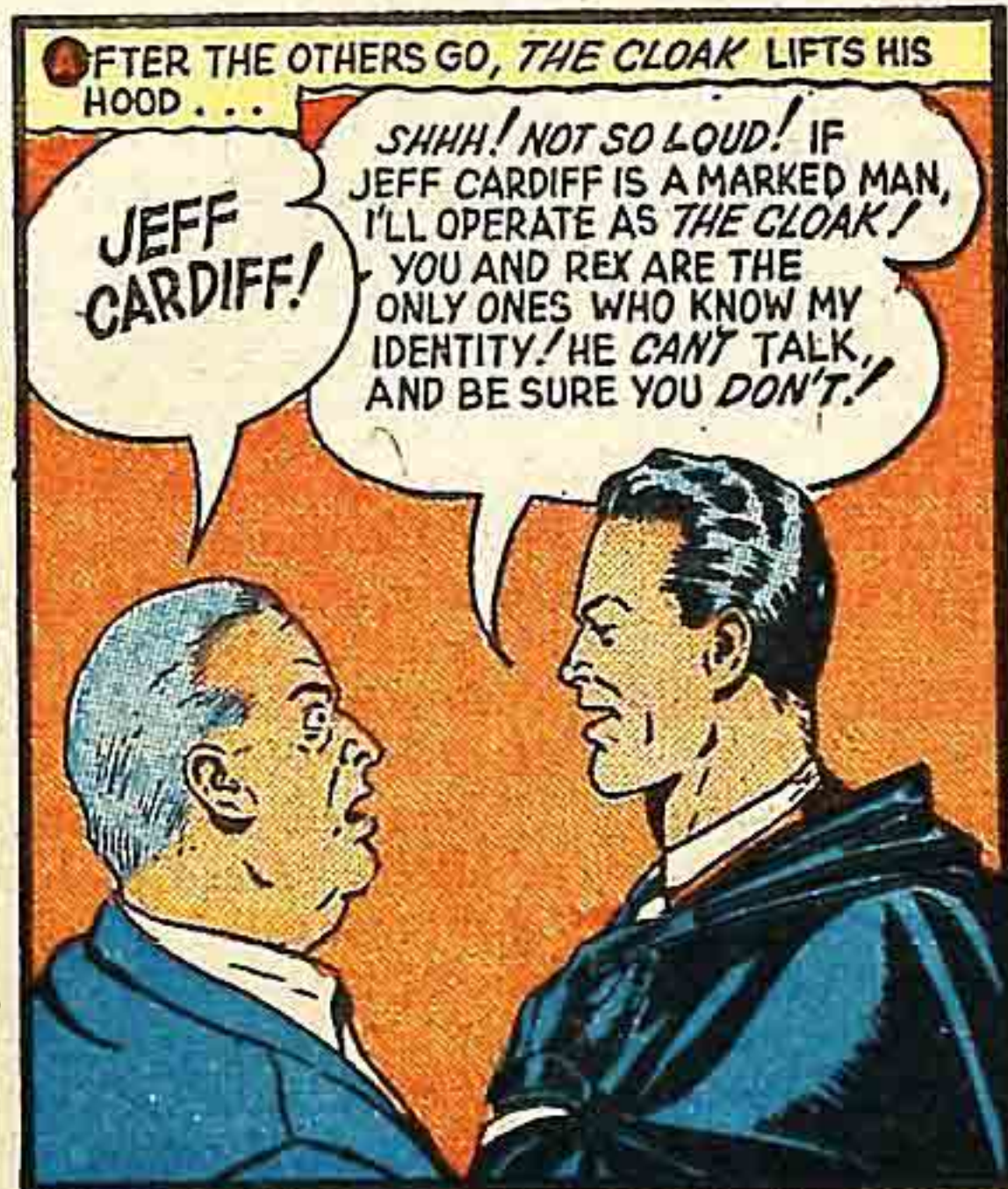
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



WELL, FANS, HOW DO YOU LIKE JEFF THE SPYCHIEF AS THAT MASTER OF ACTION, AND CHAMPION OF LIBERTY, THE CLOAK? WRITE IN AND LET US HEAR FROM YOU!

Regards,
Jeff Cardiff

SABOTAGE IN THE SOUTH

Jeff Cardiff, popularly known as the *Spy Chief*, tackles a tough assignment in the pine country of Georgia. By his side races Rex, police dog extraordinary, tracking and scenting saboteurs who seek to undermine the morale of the nation.

JEFF strode briskly into the walnut-paneled office in the F.B.I. Building in Washington. "Morning, Chief—you sent for me?"

"Yes, I did. Sit down and I'll explain what it's all about." His superior indicated a chair by the side of his desk. "During the past few weeks we've been in close touch with Army Headquarters down in Camp Benson—that's the new camp they've just built down in Georgia. They've informed us that many strange things have been taking place down there, incidents that definitely point to sabotage."

"Nations opposed to the strengthening of this country's defenses wouldn't hesitate to hinder or stop the progress whenever or wherever it were possible," said Jeff, "and it's up to us to guard against these hidden menaces and attacks."

The Chief smiled grimly. "To be more precise, in this case it'll be up to you to see that these acts of sabotage are stopped—once and for all."

"I'll do my best, Chief. When do I leave?"

"Immediately. Here are your tickets and papers of identification. When you arrive at Camp Benson report to General Crawford. He'll explain things more in detail to you and possibly give you a clue or two that may be helpful."



Bright sunlight flooded the station and dusty road as Jeff alighted from the train. The warm air was heavily laden with the pleasant odor of pines, a clean, refreshing scent that seemed to make the idea of spies and saboteurs as unreal and impossible as an invasion from Mars. Rex, the sleek police dog by Jeff's side, sensed the peacefulness of the surroundings and barked happily.

"Well, Cardiff, I'm certainly glad to have you with us," General Crawford welcomed him heartily, after Jeff had produced his credentials. "I suppose you know something of our problem down here?"

"Just general knowledge," Jeff admitted. "The Chief said you'd be more explicit being that you have first-hand information about these acts of sabotage."

The General nodded and proceeded to tell Jeff of the numerous incidents that had occurred,

unmistakable signs of subversive activity in and around the camp. Telephone wires cut, the wall of a building collapsing, tinkering with the electrical supply and generators, now and again a case of food poisoning—these and many others, obviously the malicious acts of someone or a group of persons endeavoring to disrupt the orderly routine of camp life.

"Any clues that might possibly bear investigation, General?" Jeff asked.

"Absolutely none—except it seems reasonable to believe that the parties responsible for this devilish business are both here in the camp and on the outside. Just where to locate those persons, without arousing too much suspicion and publicity, will be your task. Frankly, I don't envy you, but I'll give you every bit of cooperation."

"My first step will be to circulate among the men, study the routine and layout of the camp. I thought the best pretense for doing this would be under the guise of a magazine writer—a staff reporter with an assignment to write an article dealing with camp life and activities."

"Splendid! Go to it and the best of luck."

THREE days passed and still nothing unusual had taken place. Jeff, with permission from headquarters to come and go as he pleased, had familiarized himself with the small city that housed three thousand American youths learning the fundamentals of defense. His next step was to make a survey of the surrounding countryside. It was quite apparent that with the exception of a few small farms scattered here and there, the land for miles about consisted of countless acres of tall, stately pine trees.

BIG SHOT COMICS

A narrow footpath, striking off from the main road leading from the camp, twisted and turned through the forest. The carpet of pine needles covering the ground made for pleasant walking and Jeff strolled along at a leisurely gait. Rex sniffed along by his side, occasionally darting off through the trees in search of a frightened rabbit. Suddenly Rex halted his playful scampering and his sleek body became rigid. Low growls rumbled in his throat, his eyes fixed on the path that wound ahead.

Jeff stopped and scratched his ear. "What's up, old man? What's the trouble?"

Rex continued his throaty growls and Jeff proceeded along the trail, his footsteps muffled in the cushiony rug of the needles. Presently he stopped and stared into a small clearing. To come upon a spot such as this was unusual enough, but the sight of a sprawling, squat building and a radio antenna whose towers barely rose above the tops of the pines was frankly surprising.

Army Headquarters mustn't know about this little hideout, else General Crawford most certainly would have mentioned it, thought Jeff. He whispered a soft instruction to Rex to follow and he left the path and slipped through the trees. Silently he circled the building, absorbing every detail and trying to fathom the meaning of its presence here in the deserted pine forest of northern Georgia.

He had almost circumnavigated the clearing when he heard the voices of approaching men. He ducked behind the trunk of a stout tree and Rex slumped to the ground, silent and motionless. The voices became more audible and out into the clearing stepped three men. Two were in civilian clothes, but the third was garbed in the khaki outfit of the regular army. They made directly for the entrance to the building, one of them unlocking the door with a key. Then they entered and the door was closed.

"Stay right here, Rex," Jeff commanded. "I'm going to work my way closer and see if I can't find out what this is all about."

Noiselessly he sidled up to the building, carefully keeping out of

sight of the window that opened out on his side of the house. He reached the wall and, pressing himself against it, inched his way to the window till he was within earshot of the voices that floated out: "... it was pretty close going but I made it. It didn't take me more than a minute to dispose of the stuff."

"Fine!" said a second voice. "But don't take any unnecessary chances. It's much safer to build this thing up by small steps... it's equally important to weaken the morale of the soldiers as it is to disrupt the mechanism of the camp."

"When will that bomb explode?" a third voice asked.

"In about two hours," the first man replied, "and mark my words, half the electrical equipment will be destroyed."

"Splendid! I'll inform our leader immediately of this latest development."

Jeff's mouth was set in a grim line and the muscles of his jaw tightened. He had heard enough to convince him that he had stumbled on a nest of saboteurs, the persons who had been causing the damaging incidents in Camp Benson. Unobserved, he slipped back to where Rex still snuggled on the ground waiting for him. The dog's cold nose sniffed inquiringly as Jeff took out a small pad and hurriedly scribbled a message to General Crawford. Then rolling it into a ball he gave it to Rex. "Take it back to the camp, Rex—take it right to General Crawford. You know who he is—the fellow who's been giving you the candy every day!"

The dog held the ball of paper in his mouth and leaped off through the woods in the direction of Camp Benson. Jeff's eyes followed him till he was out of sight. Then he drew out his automatic and moved among the trees, reaching the path he had originally used when he approached the clearing. He waited some fifteen minutes before the door of the house opened and the man in uniform appeared. He waved a farewell to his companions, crossed the clearing and marched along the pathway, passing within three yards of where Jeff was hidden. Jeff stepped be-

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hind him and pressed the muzzle of the gun against the man's ribs. "One sound and I'll shoot!" Jeff cautioned coldly. He ordered him ahead for fifty yards or so and then placed a gag over the man's mouth, binding his hands back of him.

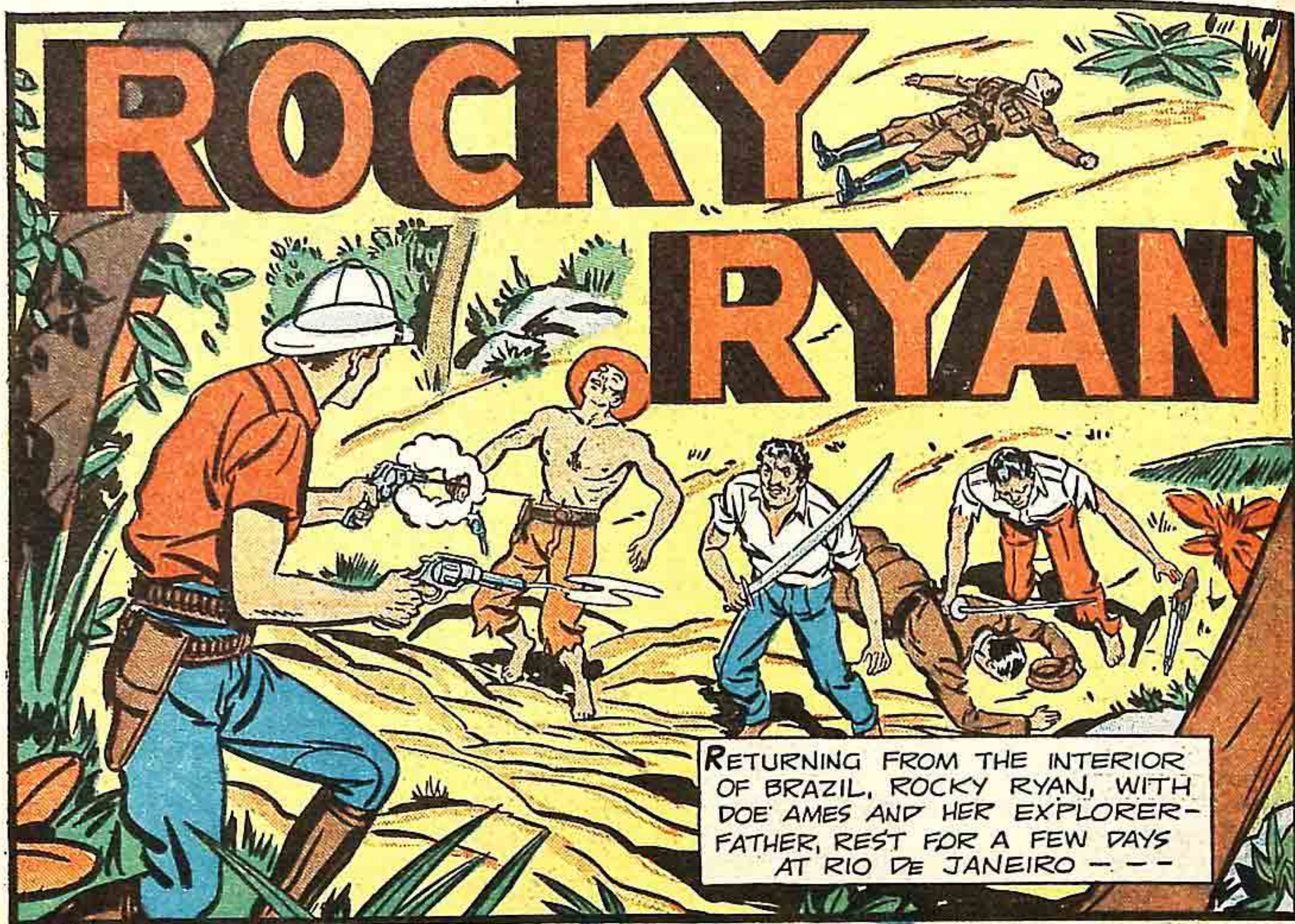
"Now step right along, brother. You and General Crawford and I are going to have a round table session!"

Half an hour later an army truck rumbled into view. General Crawford sat beside the driver and in the rear were half a dozen soldiers, rifles set for action. "I received your message, Cardiff, and thanks to Rex here, we discovered where those fellows planted that time-bomb."

"Well, here's the baby who's been doing the dirty work in the camp. The other two are still back in their hideout. I dare say they'll be quite surprised when you call on them. And I'm sure you'll be surprised at the amount of equipment they've got there—a regular radio station with a powerful transmitter."

The General patted Rex on the head and addressed Cardiff, "The country should be proud to have men like you at its beck and call. Yes, and animals like this fellow here!"

"It's all in the line of duty, General," Jeff replied. "The safety of America should be the first and foremost thought of every one living here!"



BIG SHOT COMICS

SURE AS MY NAME'S FRED ORMOND, THIS IS AS RICH A DIAMOND FIELD, AS THERE IS IN THE WORLD! WHY, ALL I HAVE TO DO, IS LIFT THEM OUT OF THE WATER!



I'LL FOLLOW THE STREAM BACK INTO THE HILLS, UNTIL I FIND THE MOTHER MINE!



FOR MONTHS I WORKED MY MINE, UNTIL I HAD DIAMONDS, WORTH OVER A MILLION DOLLARS ----

I'LL GO DOWN TO LAS PALAS AND RECORD MY MINE! THEN I'LL HIRE SOME NATIVES TO WORK IT! I'LL BE RICH! I'LL TRAVEL, SEE THE WORLD!



"IN LAS PALAS"---

RECORD A DIAMOND MINE? I'VE GOT TO SEE THE DIAMONDS!

I'LL SHOW THEM TO YOU! ONLY--RECORD THAT DEED!

DIAMONDS? WHERE?



SEE 'EM? NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I'LL RECORD THAT DEED AT ONCE!

MIND COMING WITH ME? WE OUGHT TO CELEBRATE YOUR GREAT FIND!



I WANT TO DROP IN AND SEE MY FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU!



THIS FELLOW HAS FOUND A WONDERFUL MINE, YOUR WORSHIP!

SO? LET ME SEE YOUR DIAMONDS, SIR!

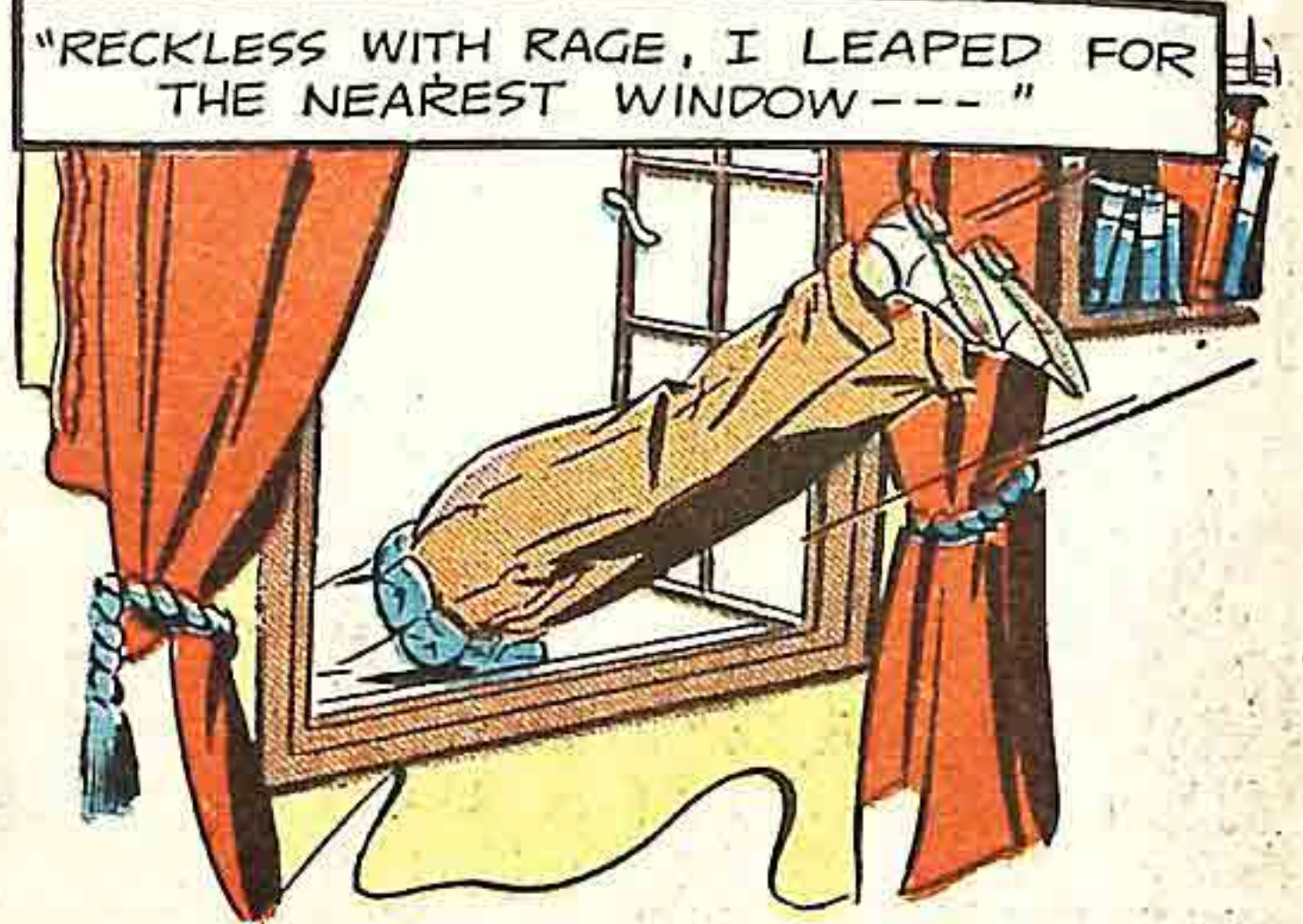
WHY? THEY'RE MINE --I THINK YOU'RE TRYING TO FLEECE ME! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE--



YOU'LL NEVER GET MY JEWELS! NEVER!



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

YOU AND YOUR MEN, GET OUT OF HERE, PRONTO! I'M TAKING OVER THIS POOR CHAP, AS A SERVANT! IF YOU DON'T GET—I SHOOT!

IT IS ON YOUR HEAD, SENOR, WHAT YOU CHOOSE TO DO! ABOUT FACE, MEN! THIS MAN IS AN AMERICANO!



SERVE ME WELL, JOEY, AND YOU'LL BE REWARDED!

YOU HAVE GIVEN ME MY REWARD AHEAD OF TIME, SENOR: MY LIFE! I AM YOUR SLAVE FOREVER!



THREE DAYS AWAY FROM RIO! THE BASE OF THE DIAMOND MINE — — —

THIS IS WHERE ORMOND HAD HIS CLAIM! I SEE THAT IT IS NOT USED! I GUESS THE GOVERNOR'S WAITING FOR THE THIRTY DAY CLAUSE, TO TAKE EFFECT!

IF DIAMOND MINE NOT WORKED IN THIRTY DAY AFTER REGISTER, IT GO TO GOVERNOR! THAT IS WHY GOVERNOR GET RICH!



WELL, THIS IS ONE MINE, HE **ISN'T** GOING TO GET!

ME GLAD! ME DON'T CARE MUCH FOR GOVERNOR OF LAS PALAS!



BUT THE GOVERNOR HAS OTHER IDEAS—

SENOR GOVERNOR! A WHITE MAN WORKS THE DIAMOND MINE, ON THE UPPER CREEK, WITH A NATIVE!

YOU MEAN THE ORMOND MINE! I GAVE ORDERS NO ONE WAS TO BE ALLOWED THERE! CALL LIEUTENANT VAGARAS!



LIEUTENANT! TAKE A PLATOON OF MEN TO THE ORMOND MINE! KILL ALL WHO WORK IT! THIS TAKING OVER OF OTHER MEN'S MINES, MUST STOP!

BUT SENOR! THAT MAN HAS A WRITTEN ORDER FROM SENOR ORMOND! HE SHOWED IT TO ME!



HOW DARE YOU TELL ME SUCH LIES! **KILL** THEM, I SAY!

YE-YES, SENOR!



BAH! I AM SERVED BY FOOLS! I MUST HAVE THAT DIAMOND MINE FOR MY OWN! IT EES VERY WEALTHY!



BIG SHOT COMICS

ON THE HILLSIDE, NEAR THE ORMOND MINE—

SENOR ROCKY! THE GOVERNOR'S MEN ARE COMING! WHAT SHALL WE DO?

SO SOON? THE OLD BUZZARD DOESN'T LOSE MUCH TIME! FALL BACK TO OUR HIDEOUT!



THE HIDEOUT: THE MOUTH OF A CAVE THAT COMMANDS THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINE — — —

HERE THEY COME! I'LL SHOW YOU SOME FANCY SHOOTING NOW, JOEY! KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME!

ME KEEP EYE GLUED!



A SHOT RINGS OUT! ANOTHER AND ANOTHER, SCREAM THEIR MESSAGES, AS ROCKY SMASHES RIFLE AFTER RIFLE — —

THE MAN CAN SHOOT LIKE **LE DIAVOLO!**

HE SMASHES ALL OUR GUNS!



INTO THE JUNGLE! HIDE, WHILE I PARLEY WITH THE SENOR!



I WISH TO SPEAK WITH YOU, SENOR!

COME AHEAD, BUT DON'T TRY ANY **TRICKS!**



THE GOVERNOR SLAPPED MY FACE THIS MORNING! IT IS A DEADLY INSULT! I WILL LEAD A REVOLUTION AGAINST HIM! AS FOR YOU, I WILL BE FRIENDLY, IF YOU WILL LOAN ME MONEY TO FINANCE THE REVOLUTION!

THE MINE ISN'T MINE, SO — — — **LOOK!**



I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT'S ORMOND COME TO CLAIM HIS MINE! SEE HIM ABOUT THAT LOAN!

GLADLY! GLADLY!



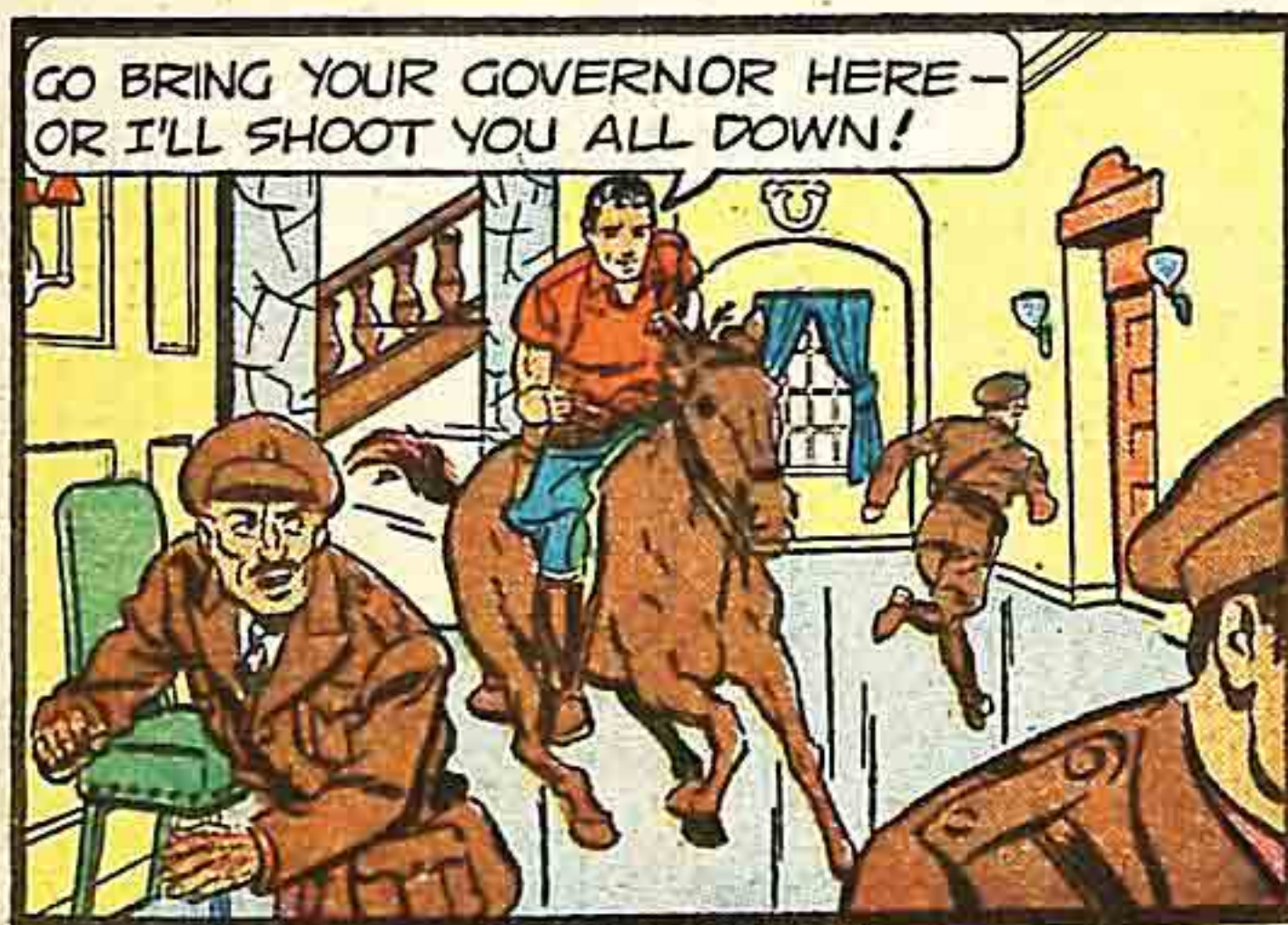
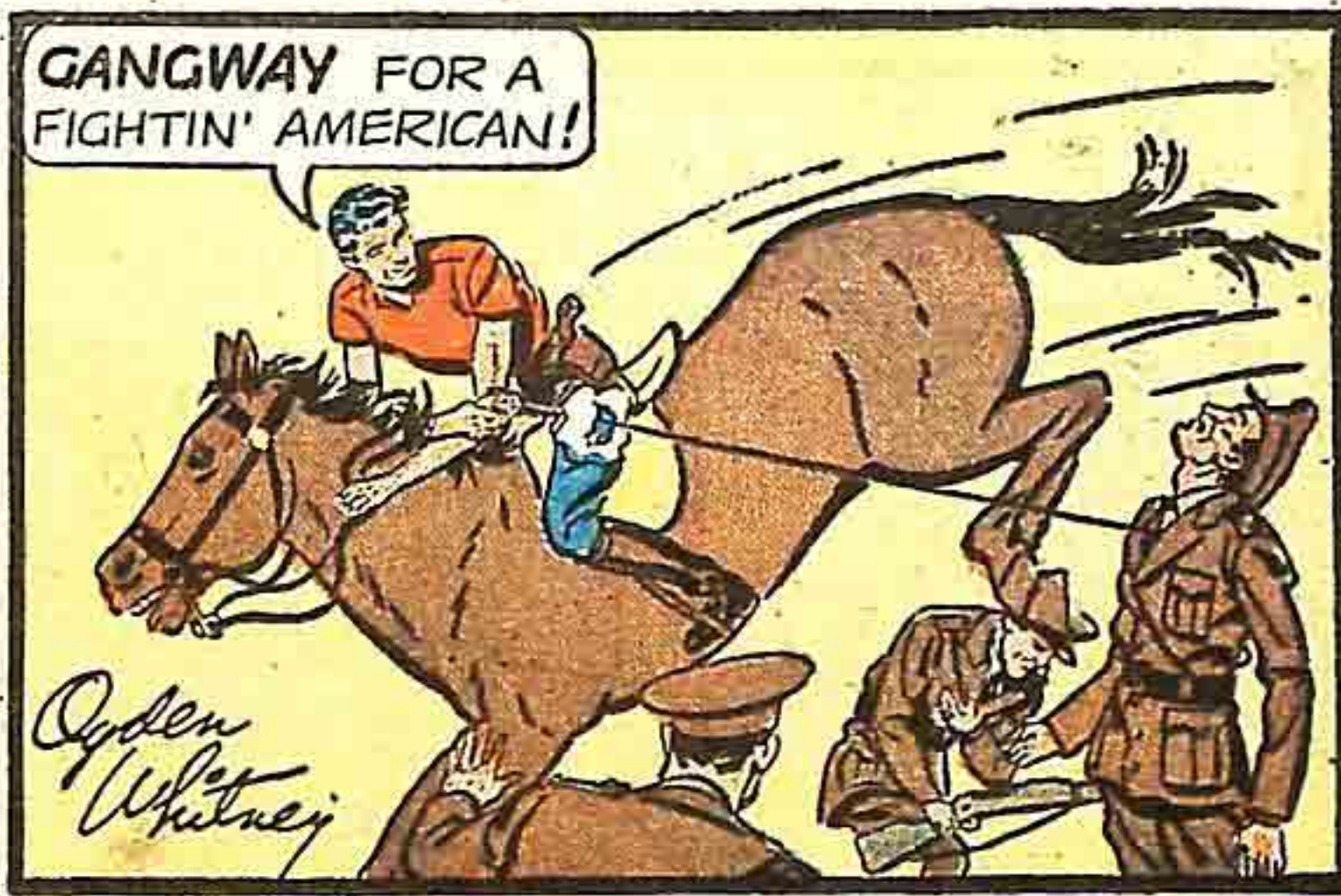
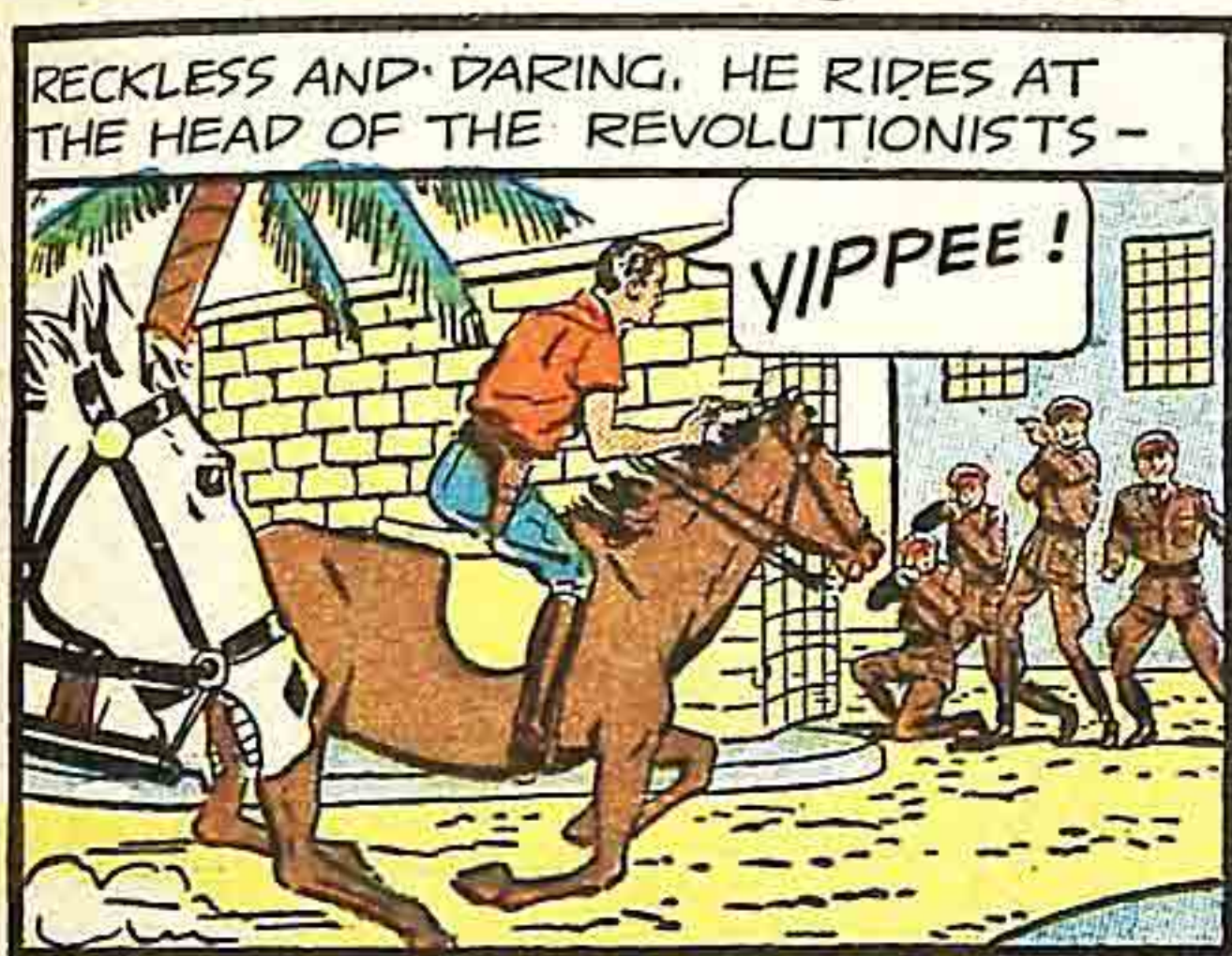
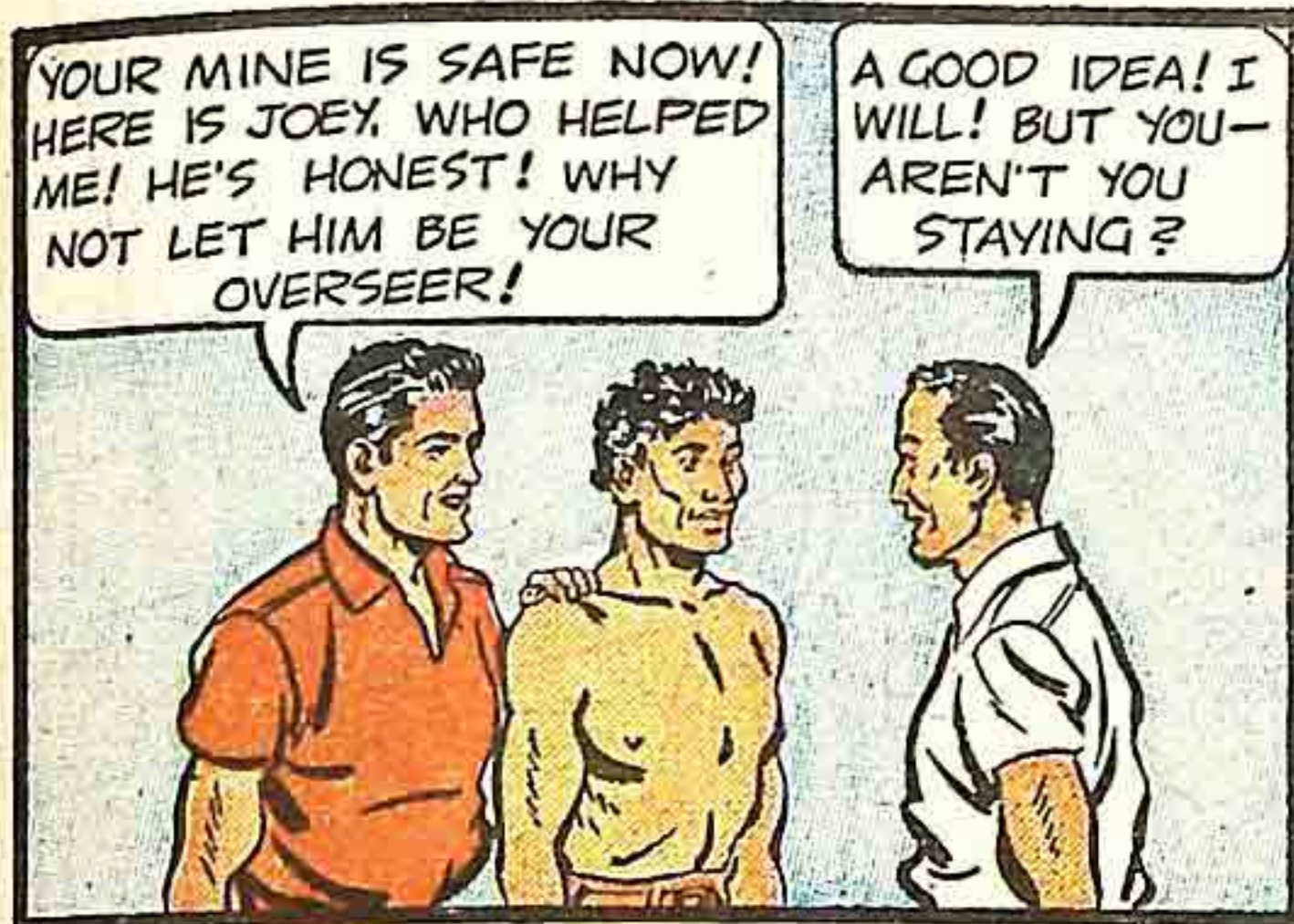
ROCKY! THE GOVERNMENT HAS GIVEN ME POWER TO ACT FOR IT, AND DEPOSE THE GOVERNOR OF LAS PALAS WHO IS A CHEAT AND A CROOK — I DEPUTIZE YOU AS MY SHERIFF!

HEAR THAT? I GUESS YOU CAN START YOUR REVOLUTION NOW!

VIVA LA REVOLUTION!



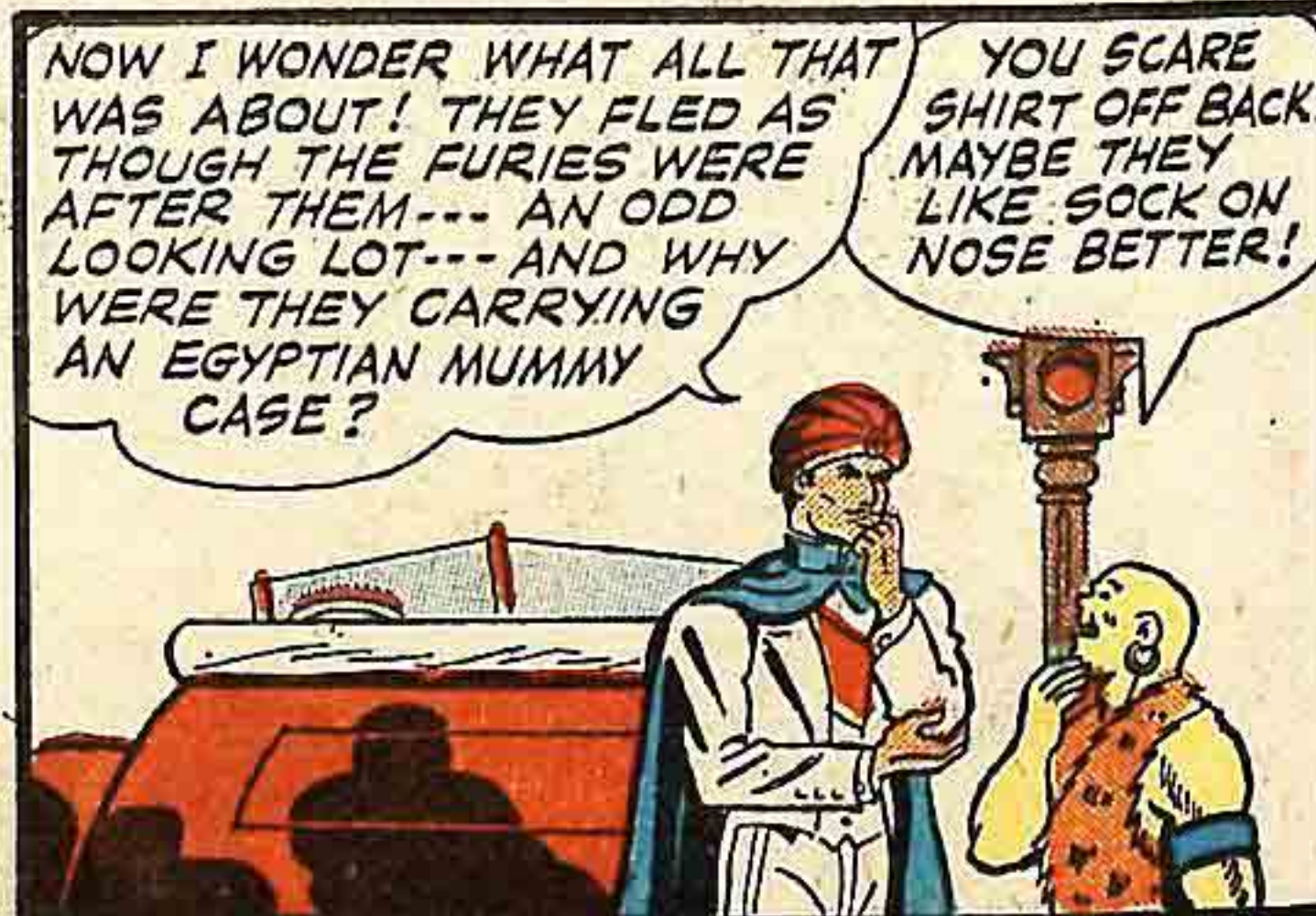
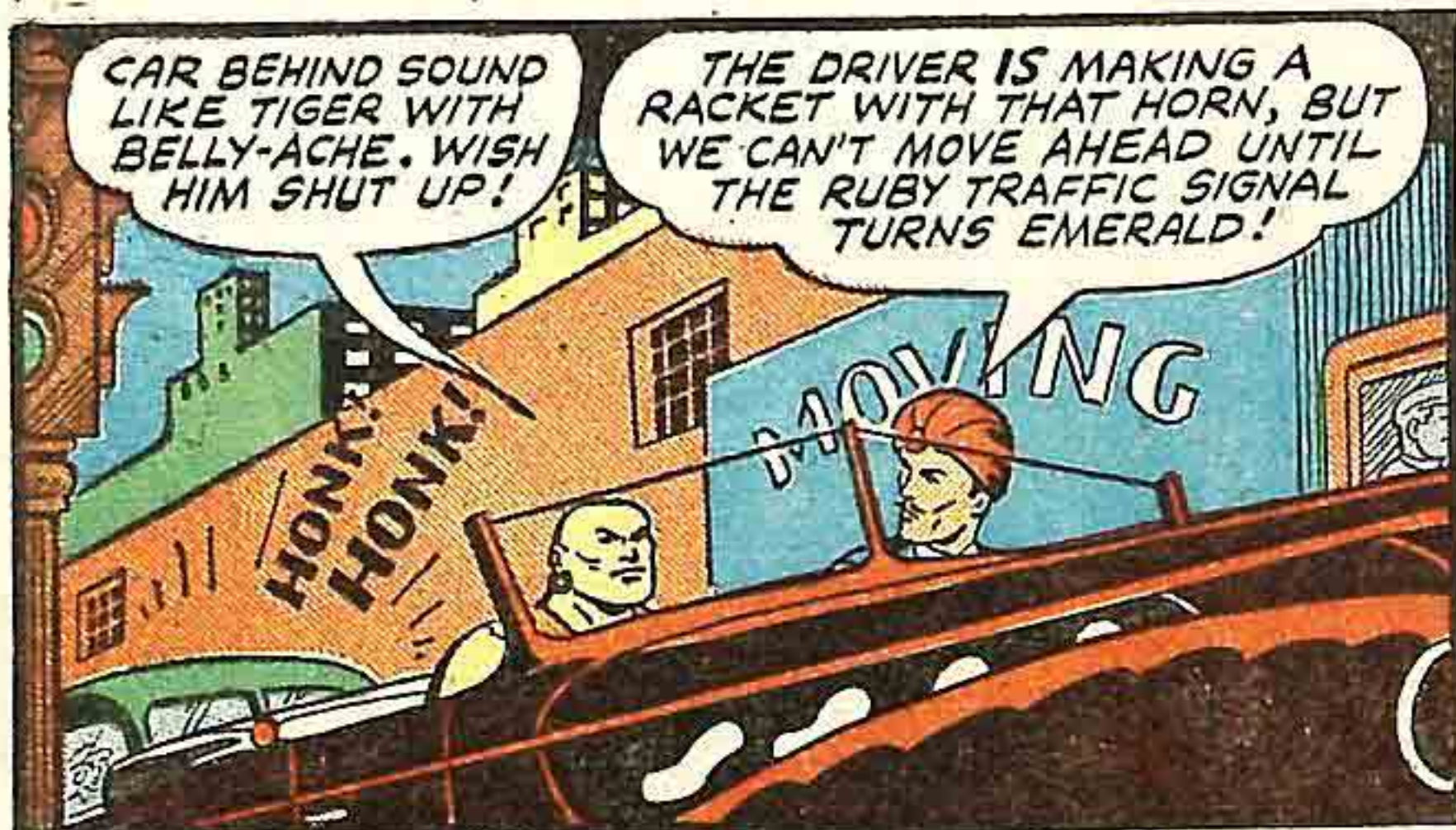
BIG SHOT COMICS



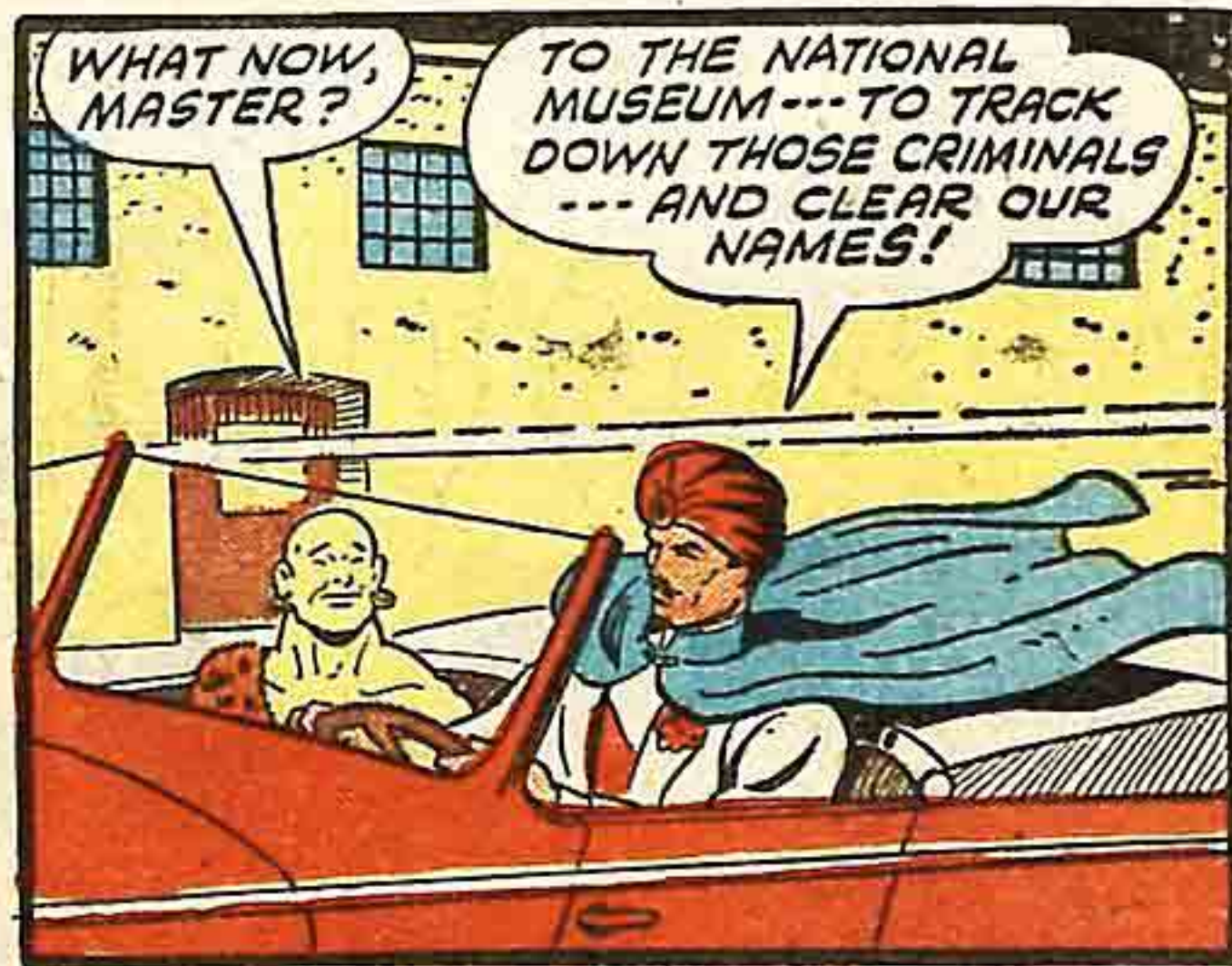
MARVELO

MONARCH OF MAGICIANS

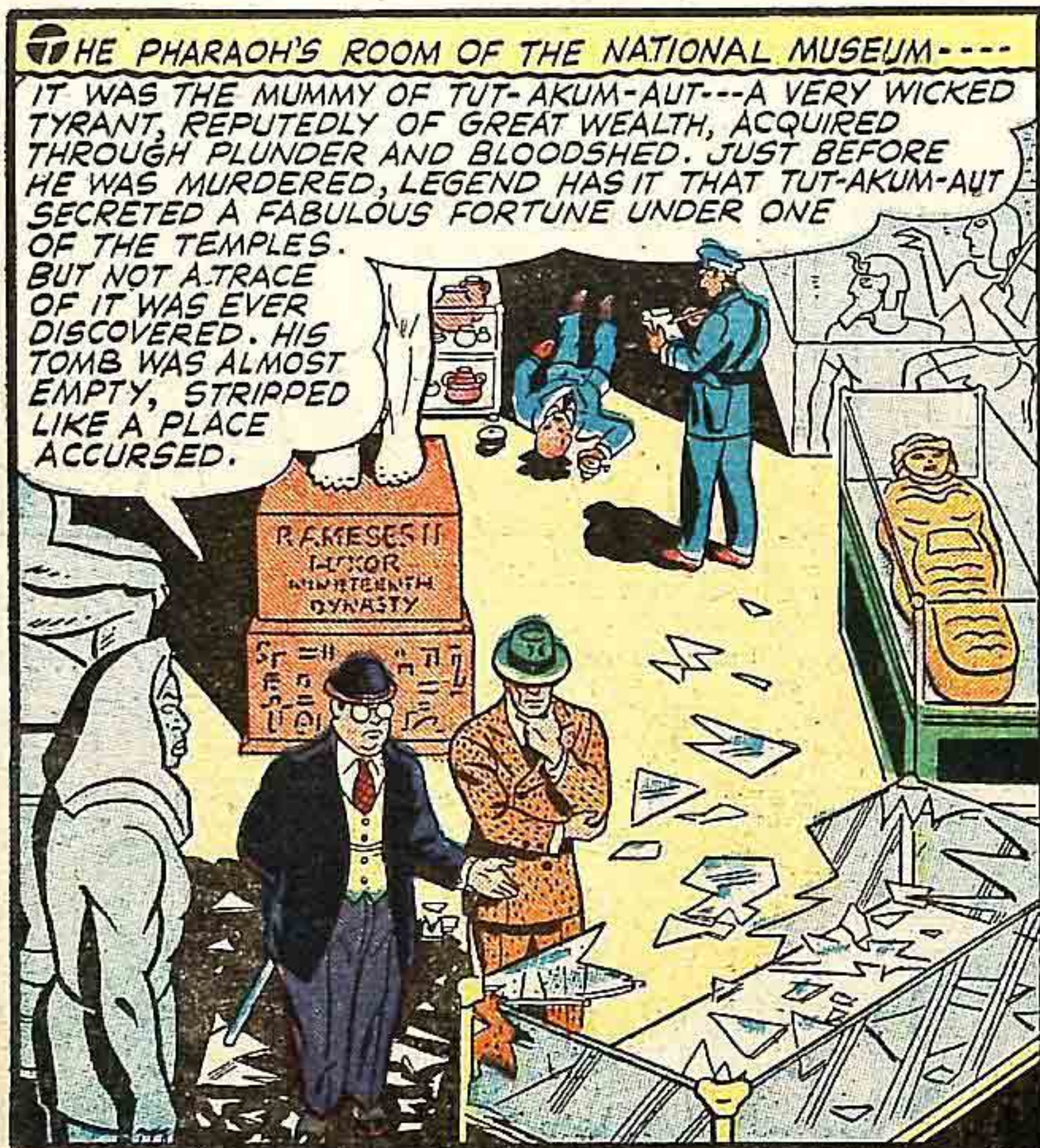
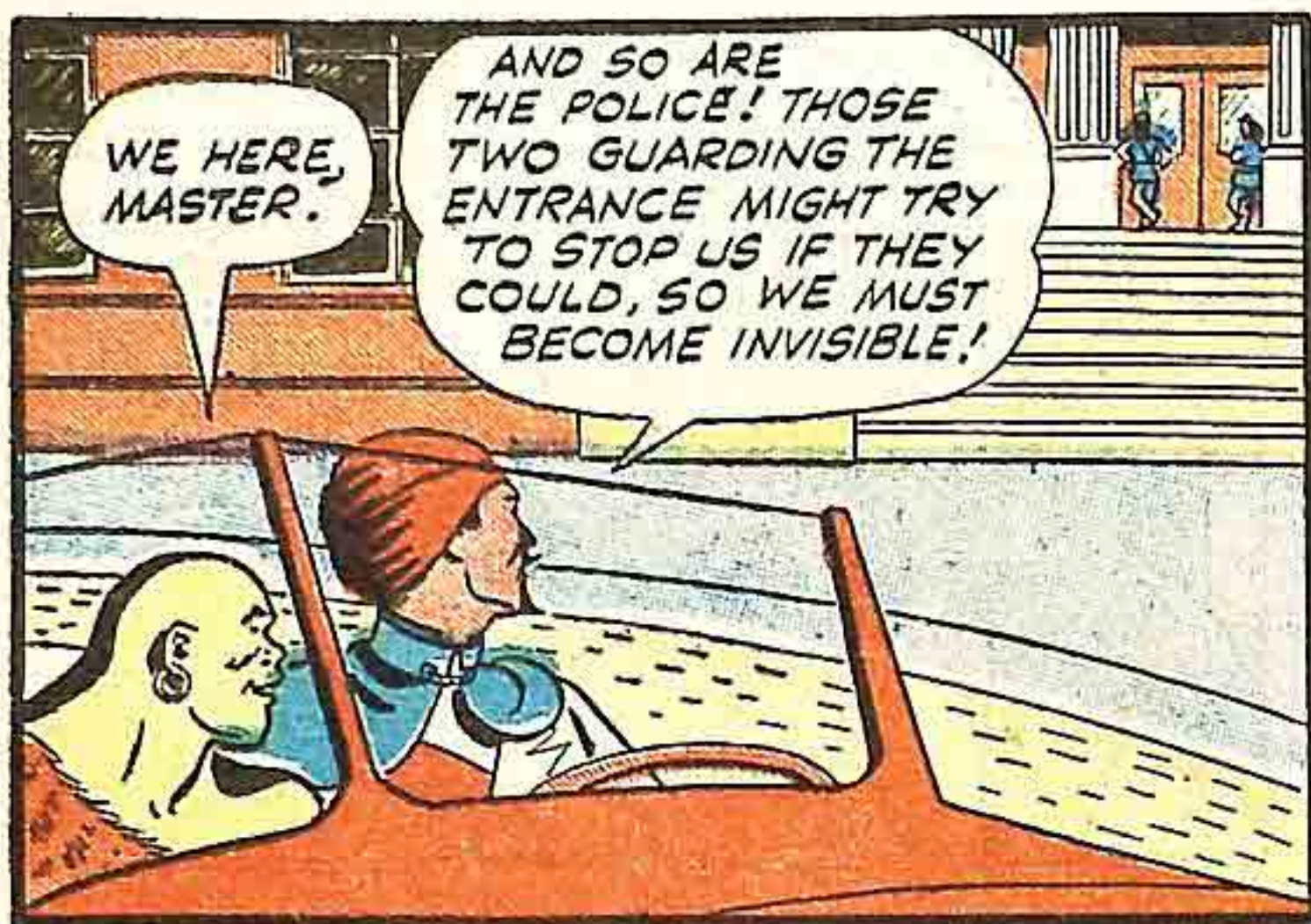
IN ANOTHER AGE, MARVELO WOULD BE THOUGHT THE VERY INCARNATION OF A DEMON AND WOULD END HIS LIFE AT A FIERY STAKE. FOR HIS POWERS AND KNOWLEDGE EXCEED THAT OF ANY MEDIEVAL SCORCERER SKILLED IN BLACK MAGIC AND MYSTIC ARTS. BUT ALWAYS MARVELO WORKS FOR GOOD AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL...



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS

HIS MEN DEFEATED, KEENO HAS GONE FOR HIGH EXPLOSIVE TO DESTROY THE HUT.

CHARLIE HAS FOLLOWED, AND, AS HE AND KEENO STRUGGLE, FRANCINE ATTACKS FROM BEHIND...

SPLendid, FRANCINE!



ONLY STUNNED! WELL, LEND A HAND AND WE'LL GIVE HIM TO THE SHARKS!



WILL YOU LET WHITE GIRL AND LOVER GO?

GIVE UP GINA? DON'T BE SILLY, FRANCINE!



OOOOH!

HUMBLY THANK HONORABLE JAPANESE WHO PROVED JIUJITSU MAKES WEAK MAN LIKE GOLIATH!

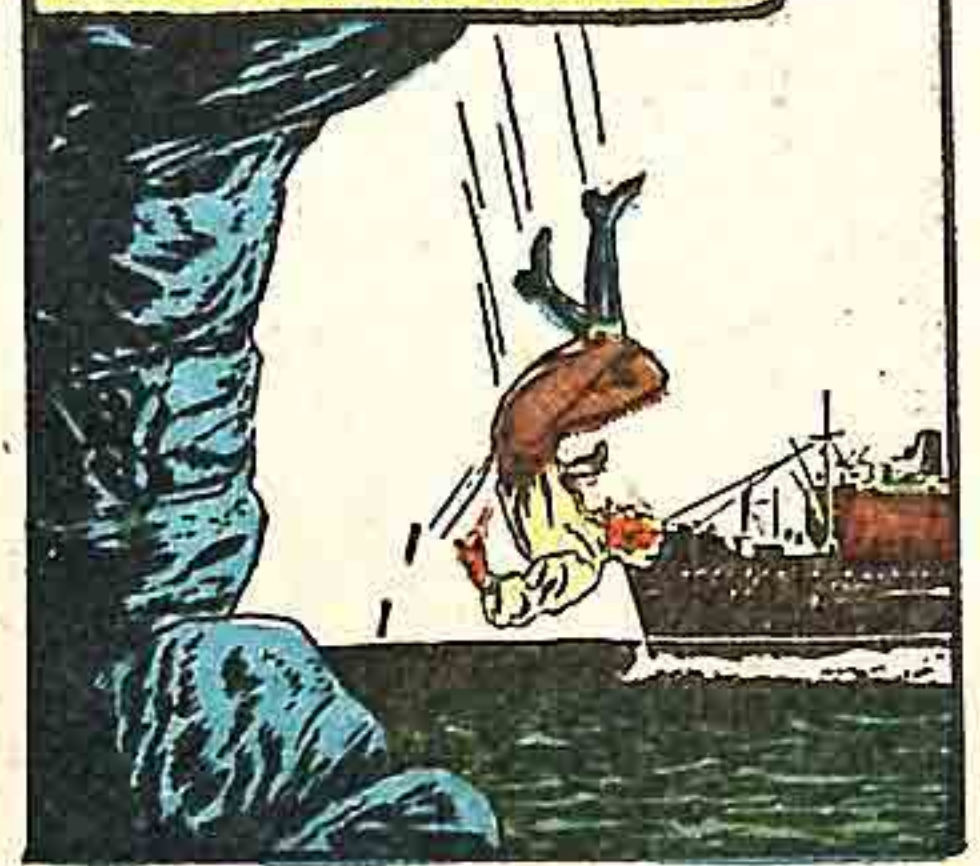


KEENO!

HE HAS EXPLOSIVE IN POCKET - FEAR KEENO VANISH INTO NOTHING!



AS KEENO FALLS, THE DYNAMITE DROPS FROM HIS POCKETS...



EVIL IS A WITCH THAT RIDES HER VICTIM TO DESTRUCTION!

KEENO - I FIND YOU IN SPIRIT WORLD!



...EXPLODING ON THE ROCKS BELOW...

BRAVE GIRL FORSAKES LIFE AS CHILD LEAVES PLAY FOR HAPPY SLEEP!



AH! A SHIP! MUST WARN OTHERS HELP COMES!



WHERE'S KEENO, CHARLIE!

KEENO HAS JOINED ANCESTORS! FIRE FAST - SHIP COMES TO REMOVE US FROM THIS ISLAND!



LATER

HALF-DOZEN OF YOU MEN GO TO THE RIGHT AND OUTFLANK THEM!



OI! IF I HAD SOME HAIR YET, A CENTER PART THAT BULLET WOULD HAVE GIVEN ME!

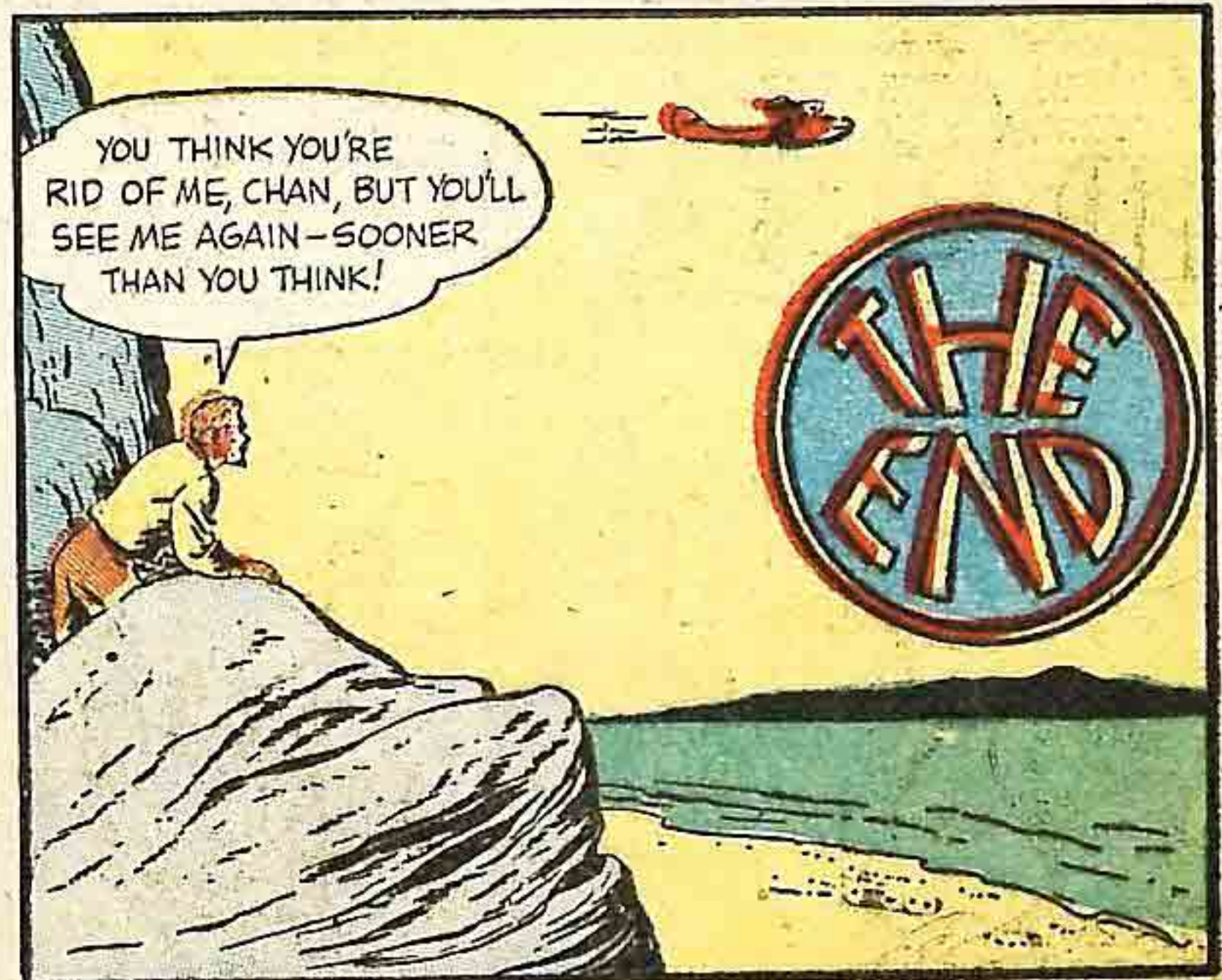
THAT WAS CLOSE! WE'D BETTER TAKE COVER UNTIL THE FLANKING PARTY OPENS UP!



BIG SHOT COMICS



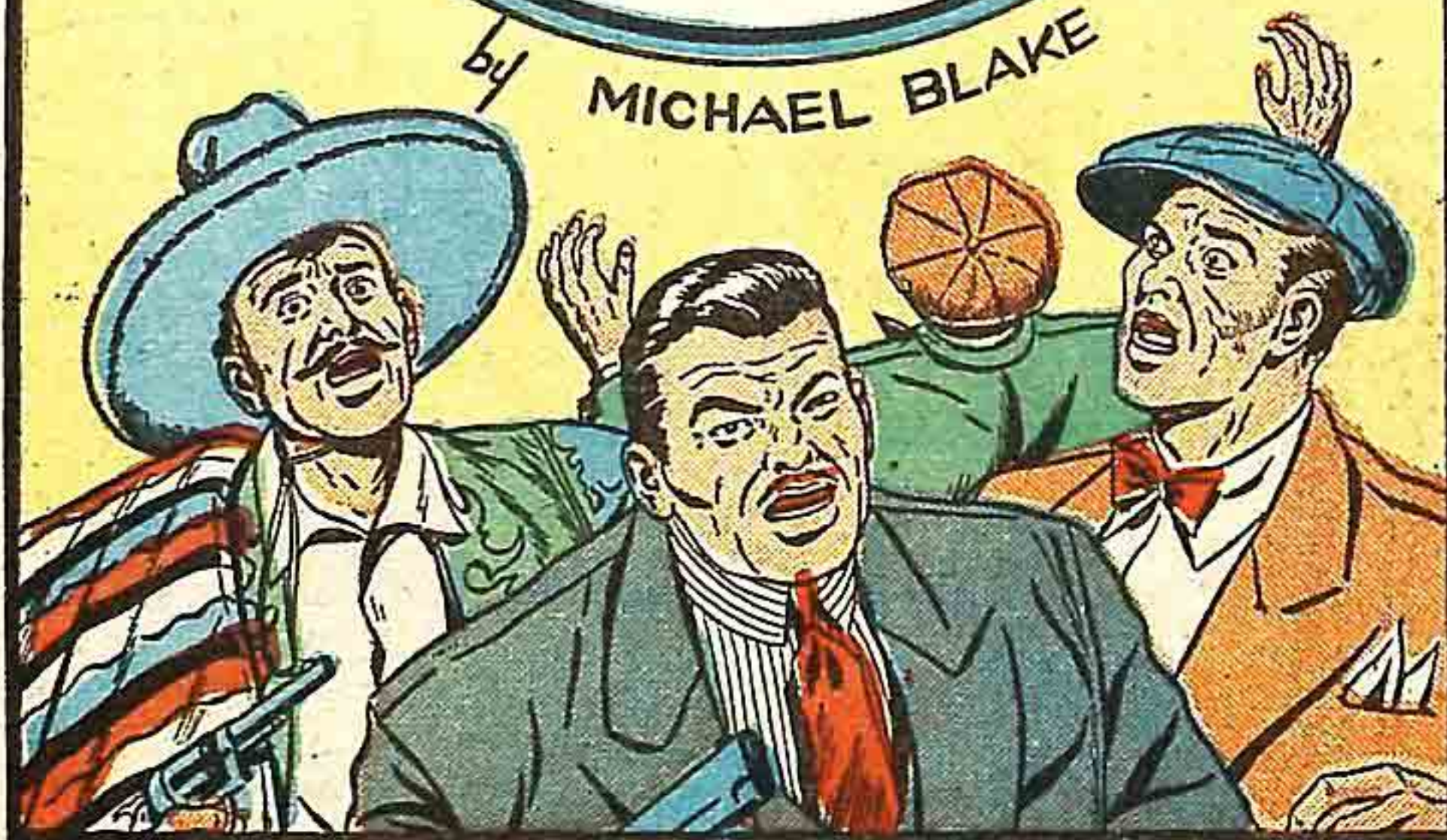
BIG SHOT COMICS





BEHIND A MASK OF INCREDIBLE HORROR, *THE FACE* DEDICATES HIS LIFE TO BRINGING LAW AND ORDER INTO THE WORLD. AS TONY TRENT, RADIO COMMENTATOR OF STATION WBSC, HE LEARNS MUCH OF THOSE ILLS HE HAS SWORN TO CURE. . . .

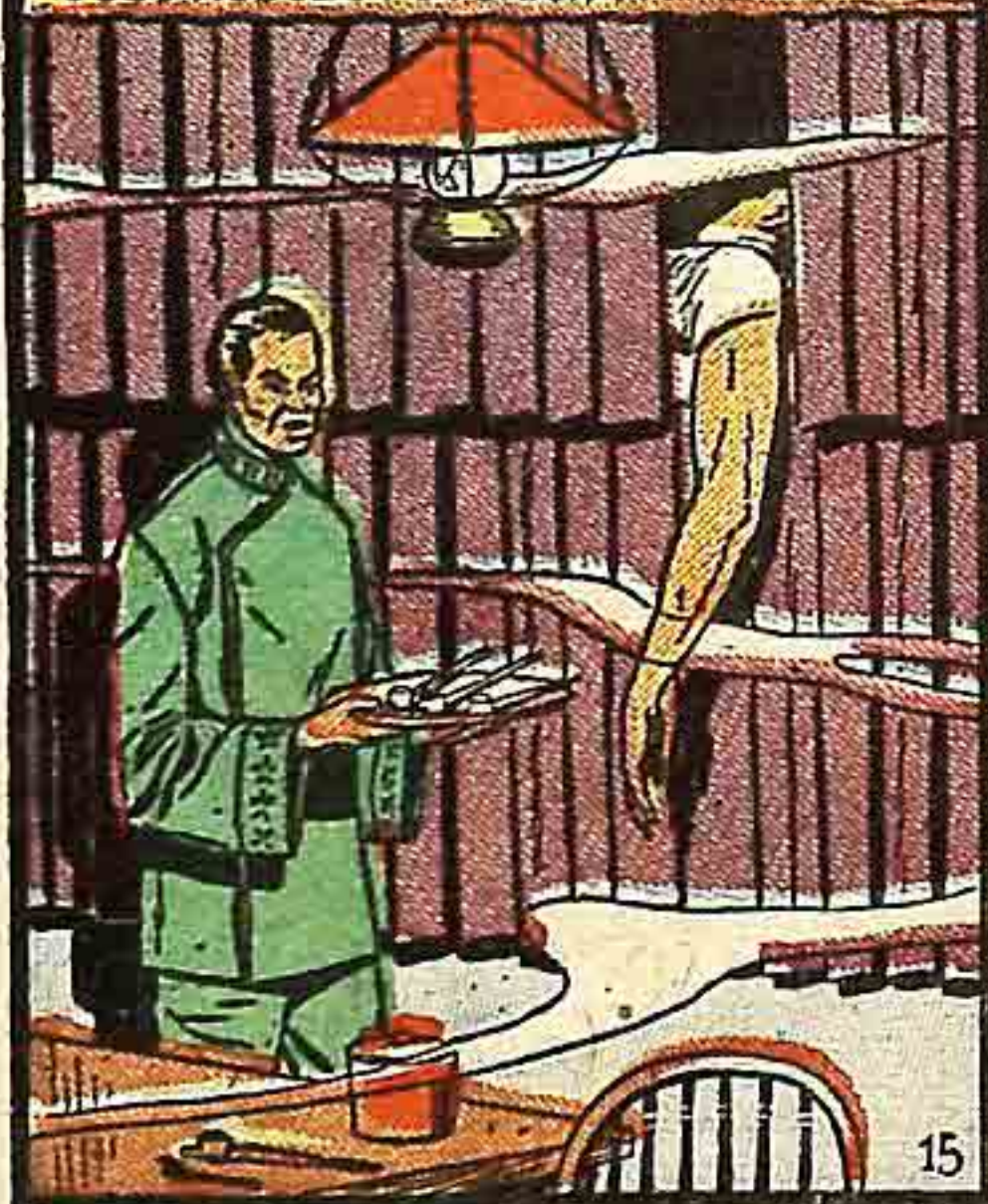
by MICHAEL BLAKE



— WHILE THESE DRUGS ARE BROUGHT INTO THIS COUNTRY AND PEDDLED, NO ONE CAN HAVE ANY REST! FOR THESE ILLICIT DRUGS ROB THE BRAIN OF ITS WIT, THE BODY OF ITS STRENGTH — AND DISINTERGRATE MORAL FIBRE!



"IN CERTAIN SECTIONS OF CHINATOWN JOSS HOUSES FLOURISH. . . ."



"SCHOOL CHILDREN SMOKE MARIHUANA, THEN COMMIT CRIME!"



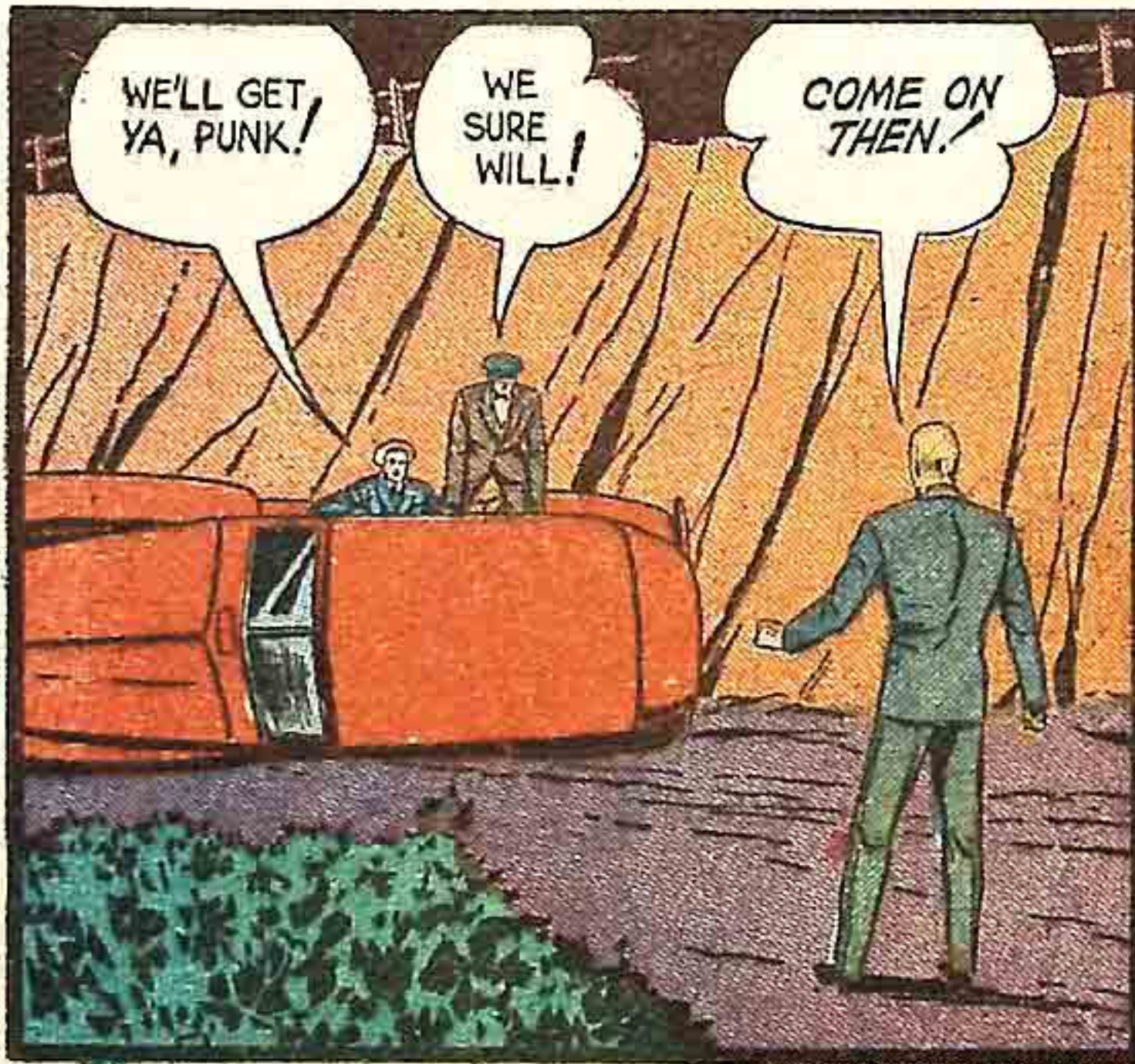
THIS MUST STOP! . . . MEN AND WOMEN OF AMERICA, PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN AND YOUR FRIENDS FROM THIS INSIDIOUS PERIL! ACT NOW! DEMAND THAT THE GOVERNMENT STEP IN AND DO *EVEN MORE* THAN IT DOES NOW. . . .



BIG SHOT COMICS



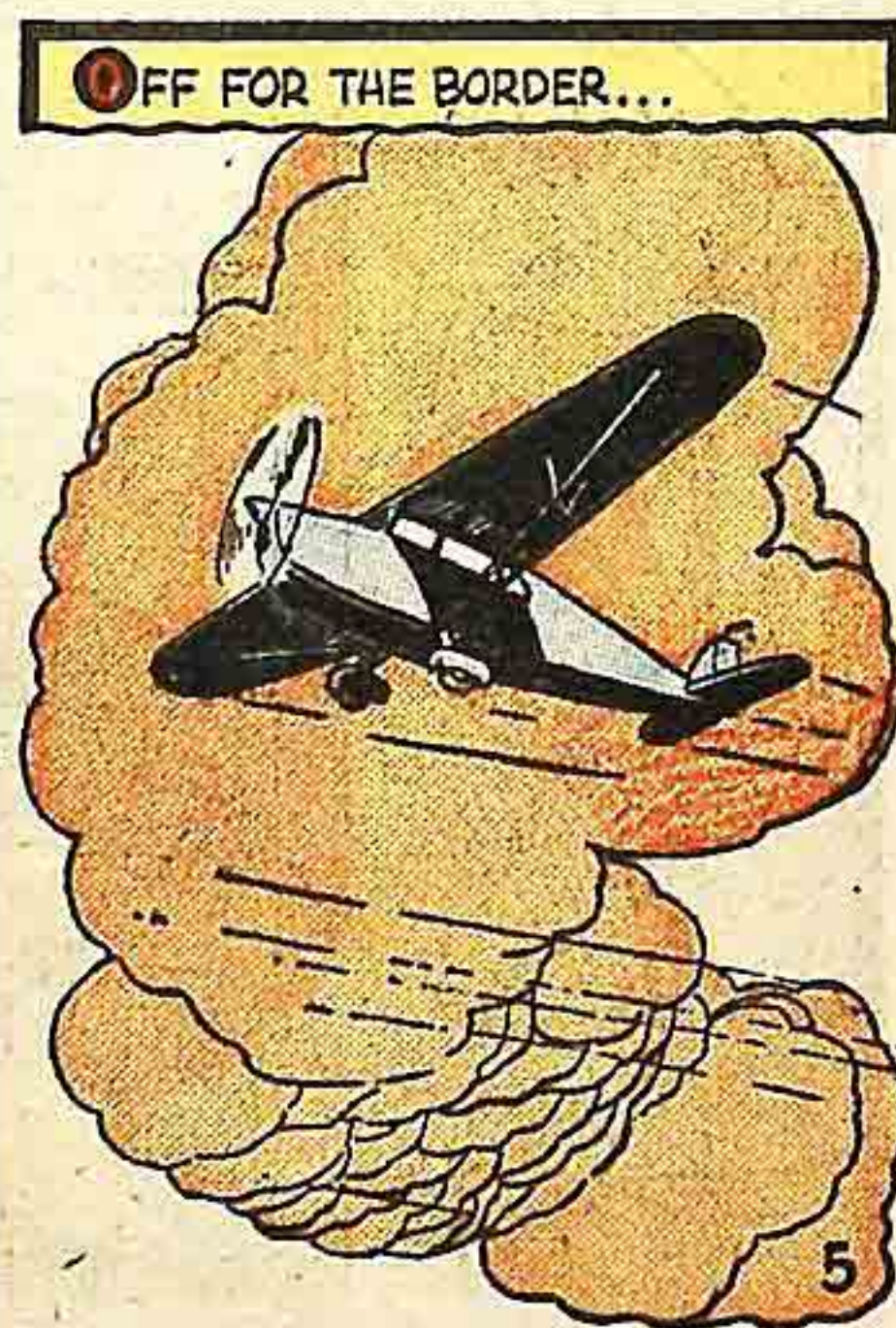
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



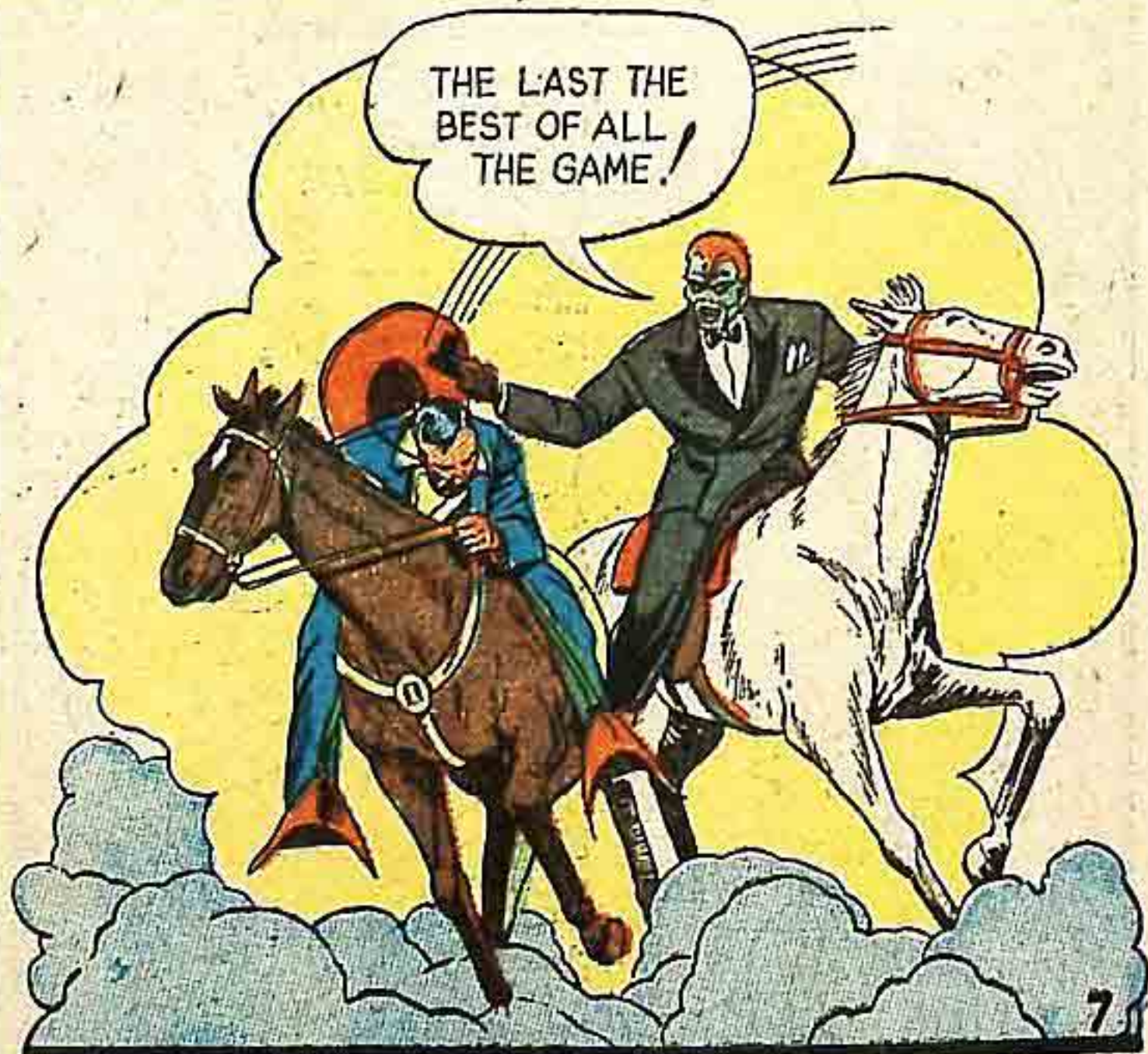
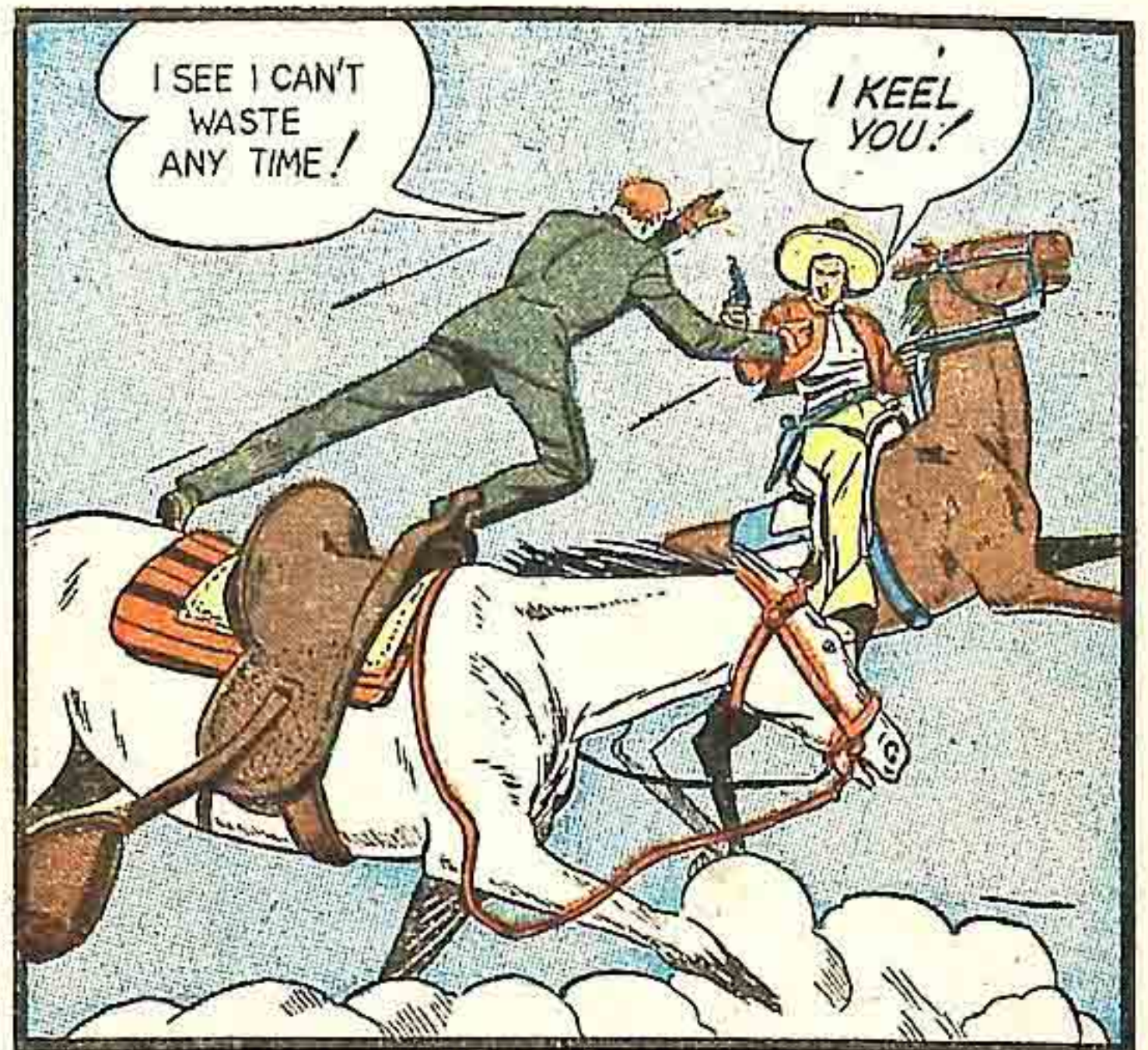
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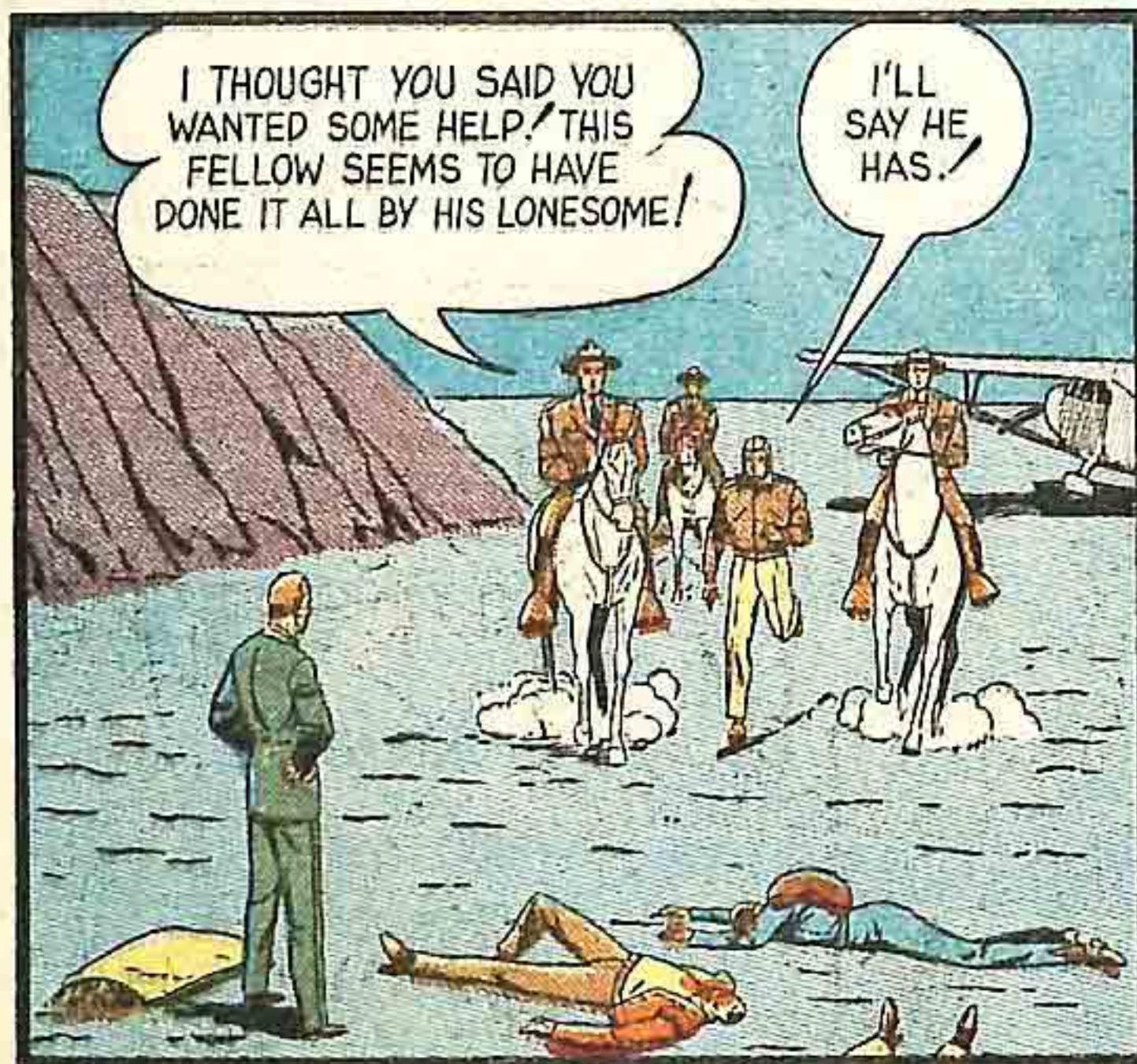
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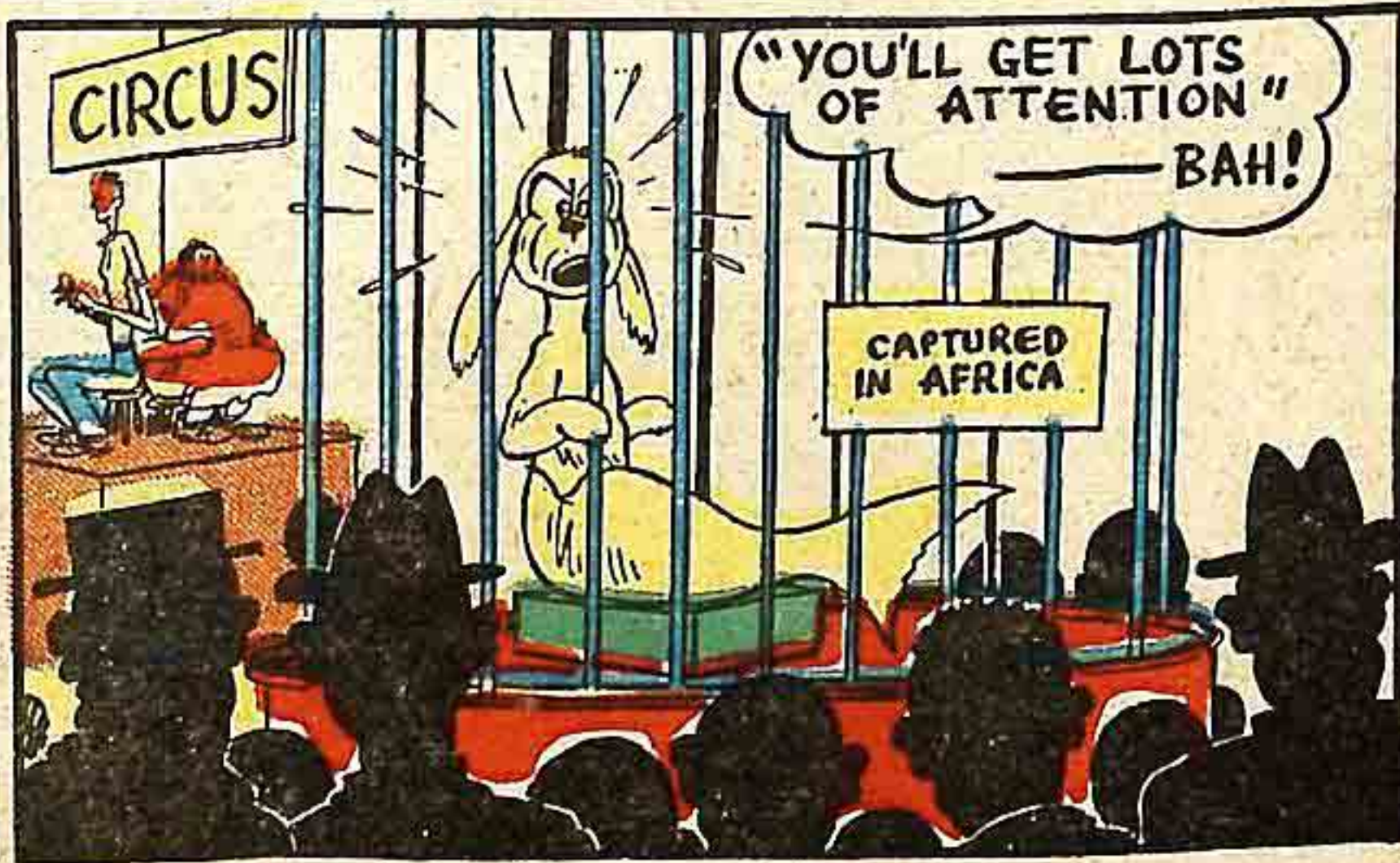
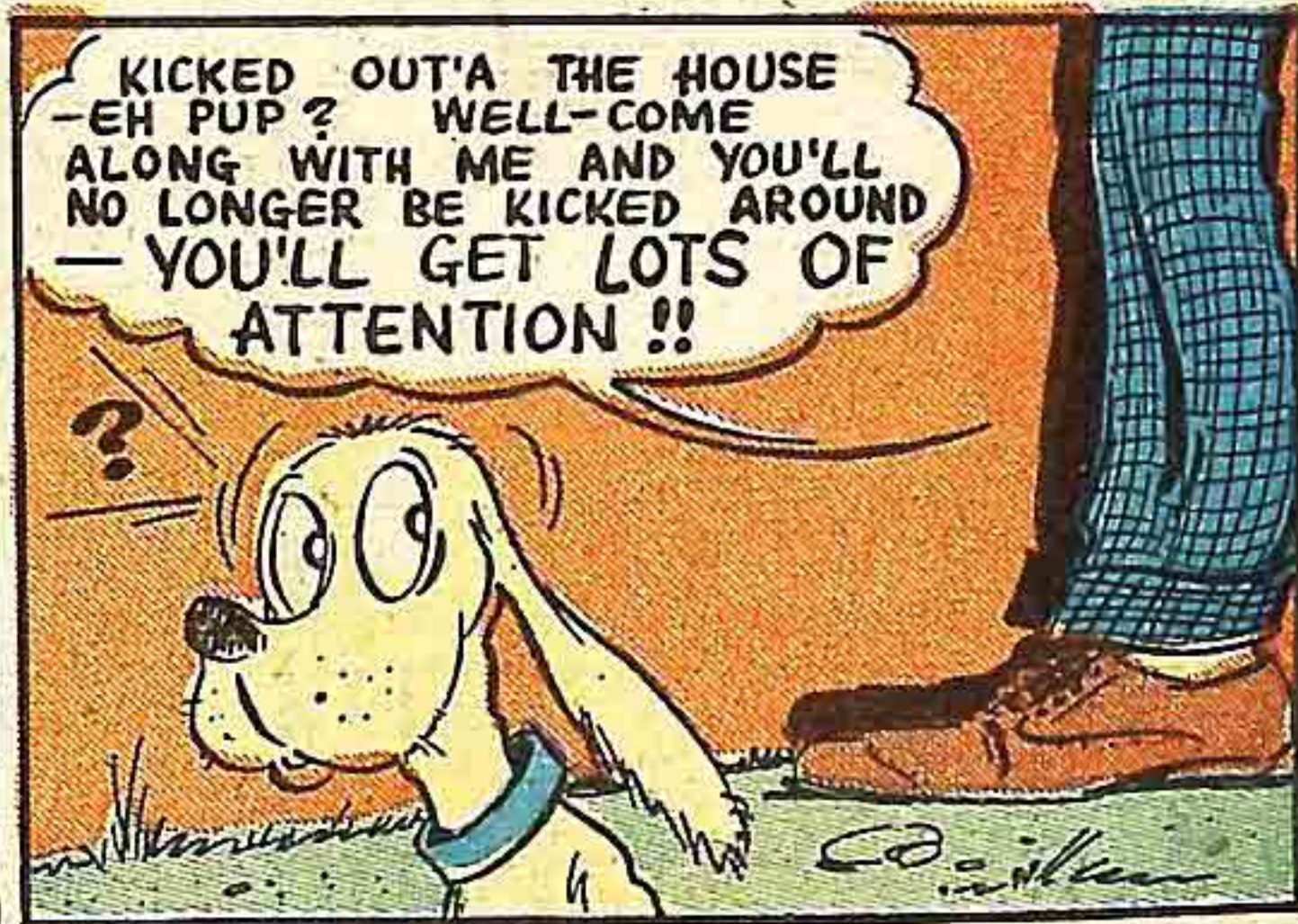
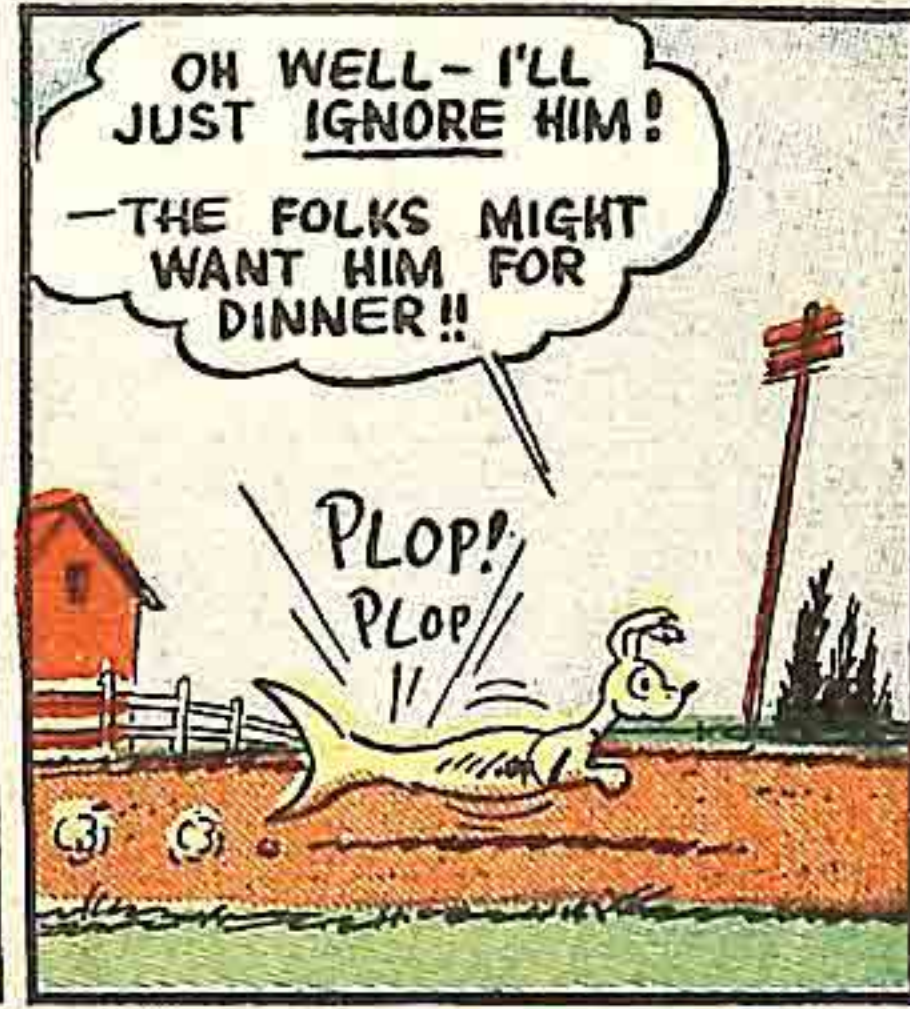


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